

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

588856

VAMPI
#17
JUNE 1972

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 75¢

TWO STAR-CROSSED
LOVERS SEEK DEATH
IN THE TOMB OF
THE SLEEPER Page 26



VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

OF ALL THE CRIMES AVAILABLE TO MAN, ONLY ONE IS INEVITABLY FATAL--THE CRIME OF HUBRIS, ARROGANCE AGAINST THE GODS! TAKE FOR INSTANCE THIS STORY BY THE LATIN POET OVID:

THE STORY OF ARACHNE

THE GRAND WEAVER, OF MOUNT OLYMPUS WAS THE GODDESS MINERVA, JUSTLY PROUD OF THE EXQUISITE GARMENTS SHE WOVE FOR THE GODS!



BUT WHEN SHE HEARD OF A MORTAL PEASANT GIRL NAMED "ARACHNE" WHO BOASTED OF EQUAL SKILL WITH A LOOM, MINERVA'S PRIDE TURNED TO OUTRAGE AND SHE CHALLENGED THE GIRL TO A CONTEST!



WHEN ARACHNE'S WORK PROVED TO BE EQUAL TO THAT OF THE GODDESS HERSELF, MINERVA BEAT HER SAVAGELY!



ARACHNE, SHAMED AND ANGRY, TOOK HER OWN LIFE; BUT MINERVA REPENTED OF HER ACTIONS AND SPRINKLED ARACHNE'S DEAD BODY WITH A MAGIC LIQUID. THE LIQUID RETURNED ARACHNE TO LIFE, BUT IN A DRASTICALLY ALTERED FORM!



ARACHNE RETAINED HER SKILL AT WEAVING AND FOUND A TYPE OF CREATURE WE'RE ALL TOO FAMILIAR WITH TODAY--THE ARACHNIDS, OR SPIDERS!





NO. 17
JUNE
1972

VAMPIRELLA

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: James Warren

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: J. R. Cochran

COVER: Enrich

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: Auraleon, Jose M. Bea, Luis Garcia, Jose Gonzalez, Jerry Grandenetti, Esteban Maroto, L. M. Roca

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: T. Casey Brennan, Mike Jennings, Esteban Maroto, Douglas Moench, Steve Skeates, Jan S. Strnad

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SCARLET LETTERS

"Poor old VAMPIRELLA is just a figurehead for your male chauvinist plans," writes a reader who calls herself Paty. Plus a letter from Don McGregor. . . .

BEWARE, DREAMERS!

The continuing adventures of VAMPIRELLA as she and Adam find themselves deep in the Florida Everglades, under the watchful eye of the God Chaos!

HORUS

A classic tale of Egyptian God and Goddess in a battle to the end with the mysterious Sleeper. Pray you do not awaken him who sleeps in death.

DEATH IN THE SHADOWS

Poor Melissa! She tried desperately to warn them, keep them from danger. Yet, they put her away, told her she was insane, that there was no hope.

A MAN'S WORLD

Follow ace reporter Leon Campbell as he searches for the crazed highway killer, only to find himself hopelessly caught in the viper's midst.

LOVER OF THE BAYOU

Pretty little Lanora, so young and alive. Why should she pay any mind to all those silly stories of the lover who stalks the darkened swamps?

VAMPI'S FLAMES

Profile of artist Auraleon plus a host of fan page chillers like "The Last Room" about a futuristic society that maims criminal offenders.

THE WEDDING RING

And with this ring, I thee wed. This ring become an ever-tightening noose around the neck of Roger Morris, an old flame come to re-kindle.

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VAMPIRELLA NO. 17, PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY WITH AN ADDITIONAL SPECIAL ISSUE IN SEPTEMBER, BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 7 ISSUES (INCLUDING SEPTEMBER SPECIAL ISSUE) FOR \$5.50 IN THE U.S. ELSEWHERE \$7.00 EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGE PENDING AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. PRINTED IN U.S.A. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1972 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED THAT RETURN POSTAGE & ENVELOPE ARE ENCLOSED; OTHERWISE MATERIAL CANNOT BE RETURNED. SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.

VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS



I hope it isn't too impertinent for one of those upstart writers chained to the ancient typewriter to make a contradiction. It seems nearly impossible to believe that a charming, intelligent, indeed liberated young lady such as yourself would make the comments credited to you at the end of "Welcome to the Witches Coven" in VAMPIRELLA #15. (Author McGregor is referring to VAMPIRELLA's closing comments on his story, Said VAMPI, "Jenny certainly is liberated now. She's learned that a woman's place is by the fire . . . in the kitchen, that is!" Heroine Jenny was burned alive by Womens Lib fanatics —ed.) I think both you and I know that the story wasn't meant to indicate that Jenny's place should necessarily be in the kitchen—but merely that organizations can often corrupt the individual's justifiable rebellion. You don't think that one of those male chauvinists have infiltrated the dungeon here, do you? Boy, you never know where they'll turn up next.

DONALD McGREGOR
N. Kingstown, R.I.



From the mouths of babes . . .

VAMPIRELLA is the finest horror magazine on the market today. VAMPIRELLA #15 was magnificent. Particularly enjoyed Luis Garcia's artwork on "Welcome to the Witches Coven." VAMPI should be more style conscious. She wears the same clothing day after day. Usually, women like a change of attire.

JEROME HOLST
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Vampirella is a figurehead of male chauvinism!"

If Mr. Pendragon ever decides to give you up and get another assistant, I sure could use you in my act, as I'm a professional magician.

JIM MAGUS
Rochester, Mich.

Really liked "Isle of the Huntress" in VAMPIRELLA #14.

JOHN BOLLARD
Mill Shoals, Ill.

You probably won't publish my letter as I'm not very lucky when good things come along. I consider VAMPIRELLA, Eerie and Creepy dessert. I take my time and enjoy them. Wish you had a fan club, VAMPI.

ROY MARIEN
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

Your wish has come true, Roy. The announcement's on page 5.

I've been a fan of yours since VAMPIRELLA #5. When are your posters coming out? I'm dying to get one. There ought to be buttons with your picture on them.

JOHN McCUTCHAN
Santa Monica, Ca.

There are, John.

Too much blood and gore in VAMPIRELLA. Why don't you try and write something besides horror? The world needs stories which inspire peace and love, not hatred and violence. Think peace.

MIKE ADKISSON
New Orleans, La.

Having collected all fifteen issues of VAMPIRELLA, I've decided that the greatest problem with the magazine is the wildly incongruous combination of artwork between the covers. The overall quality of the art is far and away superior to anything I've seen elsewhere and it's steadily improving. Garcia's work is beautiful and shows great promise. Gonzalez has made VAMPI the most righteously foxy heroine anywhere in the comic world.

BOB BABBITT
Granada Hills, Ca.

Luis Garcia's artwork on "Welcome to the Witches Coven" in VAMPIRELLA #15 was excellent even if the story wasn't.

JOE ST. LAWRENCE
Norwalk, Ct.

I really dig your magazine. Fantastic plots and story lines. So what's my complaint? Have VAMPI square off against more feminine adversaries like Vivienne, the tragic werewolf from "Isle of the Huntress" in VAMPIRELLA #14. VAMPI should tackle more monstrous monstresses like herself. Dig?

COUNT YORGA
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Somehow I don't really believe you're Count Yorga.

Jose Bea's artwork on "Quavering Shadows" in VAMPIRELLA #15 was splendid. The end of the story really surprised me. I never figured Jason for the murderer.

PATRICIA ABBINANTI
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

I used to think you were a plain, everyday vampire until I read "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou" in VAMPIRELLA #15. You're groovy, VAMPI!

RICHARD POLLARD
Farmville, Va.

It's about time Hammer Films made a film about you, VAMPIRELLA. They have the perfect actors to do your story. Ingrid Pitt not only looks exactly like you, she is also quite experienced as a vampire. She played Carmilla in "The Vampire Lovers" and the title role in "Countess Dracula," both of which are Hammer Films. Peter Cushing would make a great Van Helsing because he's made the part famous. If Hammer Films passes up your story, I suggest you bite them all on the neck for me.

SAM IRVIN
Asheville, N.C.



Hammer Films' starlet Ingrid Pitt would make a perfect VAMPIRELLA. So says Asheville, N.C. reader SAM IRVIN.

Glad you finally got your share in a comiccon. (See VAMPIRELLA #15, pages 48 to 50 —ed.) Keep Louis Garcia doing art. Glad to hear there's a poster of you coming out. You're the ghoulies!

JIM DOWNIE
Guelph, Canada

Couldn't resist picking up a copy of VAMPIRELLA #15 with that fantastic cover by San Julian. Not only was the cover great, so was VAMPI's continuing story. Richard Corben's work on VAMPI's Feary Tales was very interesting.

R. J. TIMMERMAN
Fremont, Neb.

Alright! That does it! We resent that. It's no wonder we have a bad reputation with stories like that going down. What am I referring to? "Welcome to the Witches Coven" in VAMPIRELLA #15. That's what! (The art was terrific!) Compliments to Luis Garcia! However! Witches have better things to do with men than chop them up! That's just another lousy piece of propaganda. Stop propagating it! You'd think VAMPI, being persecuted as she is, would "GROK" at the wrongness of that story, but I forgot. The poor old gal is just a figure (so to speak) head for your male chauvinist etceteras! Snort!

PATY
Walker Valley, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA #15 was just fab! My favorite story was "Quavering Shadows." Bea's artwork was great and Doug Moench's script was fantastic. Next to that I liked "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou." Great plot!

PAUL OUELLETTE
Hudson, Mass.

VAMPIRELLA #14 is the greatest! Especially liked "Wolf Hunt." Maroto's art was beautiful! Posters!

STEPHEN BABOLCSAY
Queens, N.Y.

Just saw VAMPIRELLA #15 and all I have to say is that you're going, going, going—and if you print another issue like that you'll be gone! The only good thing was San Julian's cover and "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou." Also enjoyed "A House is not a Home." Why not run some Science Fiction?

MARK HOFFMAN
Seminole, Fla.

“Can’t wait to see how the Van Helsings handle Dracula or vice versa!”

Was shocked and delighted by VAMPIRELLA #15. Let me start off by saying I’ve never written to a comic magazine before. You were just the inspiration I needed. This was a landmark issue. It represents the best artwork yet from Jose Gonzalez. His art seems to get better each issue. Only one thing bugs (sorry, bats) me. Your adventures are beginning to look as if they were scripted by Bram Stoker (author of “Dracula”—ed.). What with the Van Helsings and now the good, er bad Count himself in the plot. Oh well. Glad you won a Warren Award!

JAIME CRUZ
Valley Stream, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA #15 had some great shock material. Metifa from VAMPI’s Fearsome Tales was kinky. Can’t wait to see how the Van Helsings handle the Count (or vice versa). It’ll be wild.

ROBERT GRINDSTAFF
Wise, Va.

I was reading VAMPI’s Scarlet Letters in VAMPIRELLA #16 when I hit the letter written by L. F. somebody (L. F. who gave only his initials wrote that VAMPIRELLA has been converted from a horror comic “to one filled with love stories and fairy tales”—ed.) Wow, has that guy flipped! Somebody ought to tell him that a touch of romance adds more excitement to a horror story!

BONNIE BLACK
Bradenton, Fl.



A mood scene from Quavering Shadows" in VAMPIRELLA #15. Art is by Jose Bea.

And the esoteric: I wanted to do something just a little oblique, not necessarily innovative if you please, but something distinctive at least and unique within its own parameters at best. My outlook is too subjective to determine my degrees of success—and Jose Bea’s fine rendering further obscured the judgment (i.e., was it he or me who “made” the story what it was? The answer, of course, is that it was both of us, working in close, if disparate, union).

Synergism is a ten-dollar word most appropriate to those circles which deal in terms of pedantic circumlocution, but it’s still a good word, precise in its definition and a time-saver in consideration of communicative expediency. It means (and this is without consulting the dictionary, so a bit of my individualized interpretation may creep in): A combination of two elements to form a synthesis which is more effective than either of the two components by themselves. Something like a “greater than the sum of its parts” postulate. So how does that specifically relate to “Quavering Shadows”? Well, the story was presented in the form of a comic strip (or, if you will, graphic story) and all comic strips, inherent quality aside, are synergisms.

(Continued on page 67)

It’s really a pity I discovered VAMPIRELLA so late! My first issue was #14. “Isle of the Huntress” was like Wow! You sure gave those werewolves the works.

RICHARD MARTINS
Levittown, Puerto Rico

You really ought to call the VAMPI’S FLAMES section VAMPIRELLA FANG CLUB. I’ll be glad when your posters come out.

WAYNE HIGHMAN
Delmar, Md.

Wish you’d add some more horror and Science Fiction in. VAMPIRELLA. Gonzalez’ artwork in VAMPIRELLA #15 was the best I’ve seen him do yet.

PAUL VESPIGNANI
Columbus, Ohio

“QUAVERING SHADOWS”

Chicago newspaperman Douglas Moench comments on his reasons for writing “Quavering Shadows.”

“Quavering Shadows” grew out of the obvious and the esoteric. First the obvious: To make some \$\$\$ which would utilize the comic strip medium in an attempt to frighten readers, all in the spirit of what benevolent psychiatrists might term “psychological relief catharsis.” In other words, it does your uptight noodle some good to be scared spitless once in a while.

This is the first time I’ve ever written to any magazine. VAMPIRELLA #15 was a true work of art. You don’t have to worry about any competition from Creepy and Eerie. They’re a couple of losers anyway.

MICHAEL MARSILE
Dawson Springs, Ky.

“Quavering Shadows” in VAMPIRELLA #15 is a true classic. The extra thing about the story that blew my mind was the middle panel on p. 35. Truly far-out artwork by Jose Bea! “A House is not a Home” was somewhat cheap but “Welcome to the Witches Coven” was excellent.

D. K.
Redwood City, Ca.

Since ordering a heap of your back issues, I’ve become a dyed-in-the-wool VAMPIRELLA fan! Praises galore to Wally Wood, Jose Gonzalez, Archie Goodwin and Frank Frazetta!

JEFF GIANFORMAGGIO
San Diego, Ca.

In which issues of Eerie, Creepy and VAMPIRELLA has the character Amazonia appeared? I’ve got to know to complete my collection. (Eerie #27 and VAMPIRELLA #'s 8 & 12—ed.) I’d really like to express by appreciation to all concerned with the production of VAMPIRELLA as it is an extremely entertaining, intelligent and well-drawn magazine.

WILLIAM KILPATRICK
Columbia, S.C.

I love VAMPIRELLA. My favorite stores are Sword & Sorcery and Science Fiction. Good luck with Adam Van Helsing, VAMPI.

STUART MASON
Roveland, Ohio

Tell VAMPIRELLA she’s really beautiful.

LOREN OLSON
Hillsboro, Oregon

BATS IN YOUR BELFRY?

Tell VAMPIRELLA all about it! As head bat, she keeps reports on all the other bats around!

Address all letters to:

SCARLET LETTERS

c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

I MILLION
READERS

CAN’T BE WRONG!
...THEY ALL ASKED FOR A



VAMPIRELLA
FAN CLUB

...SEE PAGE 81

VAMPIRELLA #15 was quite excellent. San Julian’s covers are tremendous. It’s simply astonishing the way Gonzalez draws VAMPIRELLA. Can’t wait for next issue to see Count Dracula again.

RICHARD CHARRON
Templeton, Canada

SOMEWHERE, DEEP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, A MAN'S MIND SCREAMS OUT IN LITTER AGONY! NO MERE HUMAN COULD HEAR THOSE CRIES! ONLY A WOMAN FROM THE STARS! AND NOW SHE DOES HEAR, AND SHE COMES...

VAMPIRELLA

FRANKLY, VAMPIRELLA, I FAIL TO SEE THE WISDOM IN THIS! FIRST WE NARROWLY ESCAPE DROWNING IN AN ICY ALPINE LAKE! THEN, WITH LUCK ON OUR SIDE, A POLICE BOAT INVESTIGATING THE EXPLOSION* PICKS US UP, AND WE FLY BACK TO COTE DE SOLEIL TO REJOIN ADAM--YOU, I, AND DR. VAN HELSING! SUDDENLY, WITH POOR ADAM BARELY OVER HIS GUNSHOT WOUNDS** YOU CHARTER A PLANE TO FLORIDA AND LEAD US INTO THIS DEADLY SWAMP ON A HUNCH!

IT'S MORE THAN A HUNCH, PENDRAGON! IT'S A SCREAMING IN MY MIND--THE SCREAMING OF SOMEONE IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE CULT OF CHAOS!



AND YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ME--EITHER OF YOU! I'M FULLY RECOVERED NOW, AND MORE THAN WILLING TO AID VAMPIRELLA IN HER BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS!

*THE DESTRUCTION OF CASTLE MORDANTE. SEE "AND BE A BRIDE OF CHAOS"--VAMPIRELLA #16
**SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE OUSTED COTE DE SOLEIL SECRET POLICE. SEE VAMPIRELLA #15



BUT ADAM FACES **OTHER** DANGERS AS HE AND VAMPIRELLA, ALONG WITH PENDRAGON, APPROACH THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER OF THE EVERGLADES...



THEN, THEY LOOK UPON THE FACE OF THE PRISONER...

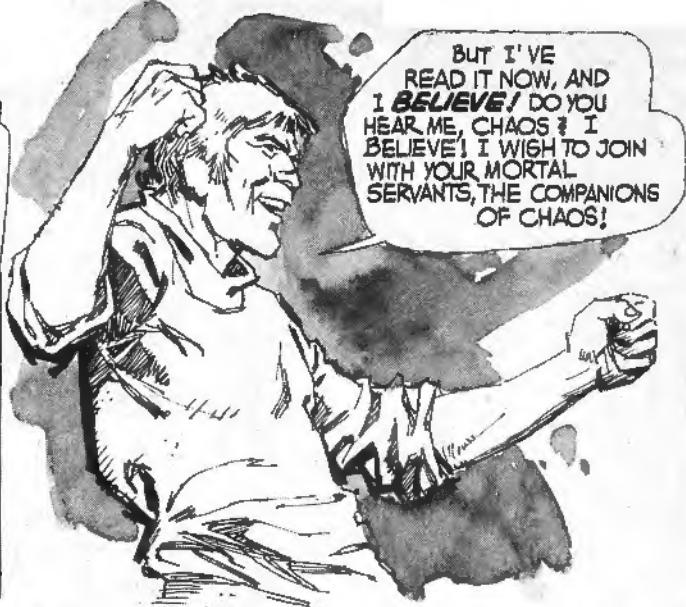


AND IN THAT BRIEF MOMENT, ALL IS LOST! CAUGHT UP IN THE HYPNOTIC POWER OF THE PRISONER'S EYES, THE TRIO FIND THEMSELVES HURTLING THROUGH NOWHERE-SPACE -- AS THOUGH THEY HAD ENTERED THE VERY **DREAMS** OF THE CAPTIVE STRANGER! DREAMS SO TERRIFYINGLY REAL, THEY COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN SPAWNED BY THE MAD, BANISHED GOD, CHAOS, AND HIS SEVEN DEMON-SERVANTS...



...BEWARE, DREAMERS!

BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN A SHABBY HOTEL ROOM
IN NEW YORK CITY...





I WILL BEGIN BY
SHOWING YOU THE FATE
OF THOSE SO VAIN AS TO
BELIEVE THEY CAN
OPPOSE US!

...A TWITCH OF THE FINGER AND A HELLISH VISION APPEARS
BEFORE ERNIE JOHNSON!

THIS MAN IS CALLED NORTO!
CENTURIES AGO, HE BATTLED
AGAINST US! AND FOR CENTURIES, WE
HAVE HELD HIM PRISONER--ALLOWING
HIM NOT EVEN THE LUXURY OF DEATH!
WE HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE FROM
A DISTANT GALAXY--FOR
A PURPOSE!

HIS NEWFOUND
TORTURE HERE IS THIS-- HE
IS CONDEMNED TO ETERNAL
SLEEP -- AND ETERNAL
NIGHTMARES! HIS WORLD IS A
WORLD OF ALL ENCOMPASSING
FEAR-- AND SO IT SHALL
ALWAYS BE! BUT ALL THIS
IS NOT *PURELY* FOR OUR
OWN *AMUSEMENT*...

HE WAS BROUGHT HERE, YOU
SEE, AS A TRAP! ANY UNWARY
STRANGER, WHO STUMBLED UPON HIM, AND WAS
CURIOUS ENOUGH TO REMOVE HIS MASK--
WOULD BE HIMSELF DRAWN INTO NORTO'S
NIGHTMARES! THREE FOOLS ARE TRAPPED
THERE EVEN NOW! SO IT WAS PLANNED BY
CHAOS -- TO PROVIDE A TESTING GROUND
FOR... DREAMSLAYER! YOU, ERNIE JOHNSON,
CAN BECOME OUR DREAMSLAYER, IF
YOU ARE SKILLFUL! YOU SHALL WREAK
HAVOC ON EARTH IN THE NAME OF
CHAOS-- BY KILLING OUR ENEMIES,
EVEN AS THEY *DREAM*!

POWER, AT LAST!
I ACCEPT YOUR
CHALLENGE!
I **SHALL** BE THE
DREAMSLAYER!

VERY WELL, THEN!
YOU ARE CHOSEN! YOUR
TEST WILL NOT BE AN EASY
ONE! WITHIN NORTO'S
NIGHTMARES... YOU MUST
FIND THE THREE STRANGERS
AND **KILL THEM!**

BEGONE,
DREAMSLAYER! I CAST
YOU **BODY AND SOUL**
INTO THE DREAMS OF THE
PRISONER, NORTO!

BUT FOR VAMPIRELLA AND HER FRIENDS, NORTO'S DREAMS HAVE ALREADY BECOME REALITY...

VAMPIRELLA!
FORGIVE ME!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

LOOK! WE'RE NOT THE ONLY HUMANS HERE!

THAT MAN IN THE DISTANCE -- IT'S THE MAN WE DISCOVERED IN THE EVERGLADES! THE MAN WHOSE MYSTICAL EYES DREW US HERE!

HAIL, STRANGERS! NORTO GREETES YOU! **I SERVE THE CAUSE OF CHAOS** -- THOUGH I HAVE NO WISH TO! YOU SEE -- WHEN I WAS BROUGHT HERE BY CHAOS, I KNEW I WAS TO BECOME A TRAP TO ENSNARE UNWARY MORTALS! BUT I WAS HELPLESS TO RESIST! FORGIVE ME, MY NEWFOUND FRIENDS! I ONLY WISH I COULD UNDO WHAT CHAOS HAS DONE!

APOLOGIES ACCEPTED!
BUT -- WHO ARE YOU, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? AND MORE IMPORTANTLY -- WHERE ARE WE?

I FAILED MISERABLY AND WAS IMPRISONED ALONE ON A DESERT WORLD! THOUGH ALL SEEMED LOST, STILL I PLOTTED MY FREEDOM AND OF WAYS TO DEFEAT CHAOS!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT! IF I KEEP SEARCHING, I WILL FIND IT! THERE IS A WEAK POINT HERE, A THREAD WHICH WILL ALLOW ME FREEDOM!

ALL RIGHT, THEN!
THE DREAMS SEEM COMPARATIVELY **CALM** NOW, SO THERE IS TIME FOR ME TO TELL MY STORY!

WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS YOUNG, I BATTLED AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS!

BUT WHENEVER I TRIED, SAND STORMS BLEW UP ABOUT ME. CHAOS KNEW I WAS SEARCHING FOR A PATH TO FREEDOM AND CAUSED THE SAND TO FLY UP ABOUT ME AS I SEARCHED...

NO WAY!..
CAN'T SEE...
CAN'T GO ON!

FOR CENTURIES THEN, I REMAINED A PRISONER OF THE SAND WORLD! I HAD ONLY THE MOST FEEBLE OF MEMORIES OF MY PAST AND MY FIGHT AGAINST CHAOS AND ALL WHO SERVE HIM! UNTIL-- AN APPARITION APPEARED BEFORE ME IN THE DUST...

AWAKEN, STRANGER! AWAKEN AND RISE... PERHAPS, IF WE STRIVE TOGETHER, WE WILL BOTH BE FREE FOR I TOO SEARCH FOR THE PATH FROM HELL...

AM I HALLUCINATING?
HAS SOMEONE FINALLY COME
TO SAVE ME, TAKE ME AWAY
FROM THIS CHAOS-
SPAWNED HELL?

SO, BEARING MY BURDEN AS I WAS HARDLY ABLE TO WALK ANY LONGER, THE FIGURE CARRIED ME ACROSS ENDLESS STRETCHES OF SAND, PROTECTING MY EYES WITH THE HEAVY SLEEVES OF HIS CLOAK...

FREEDOM?
CAN IT BE? BUT
CHAOS DOOMED
ME HERE...

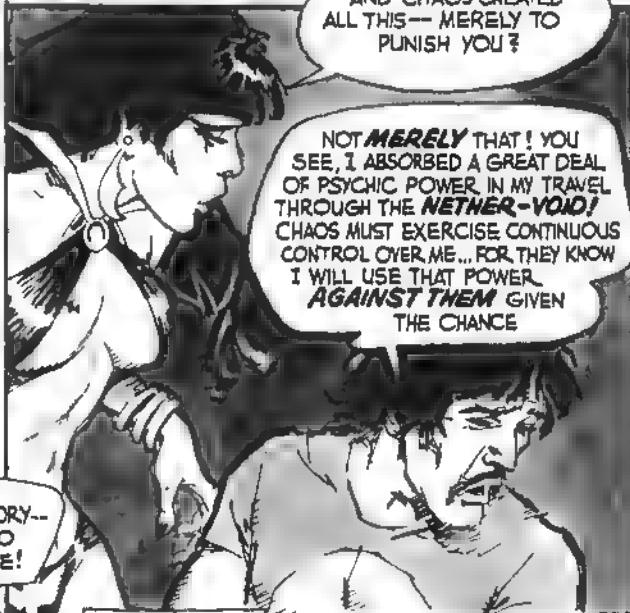
IT SEEMED AN ENDLESS JOURNEY BUT...

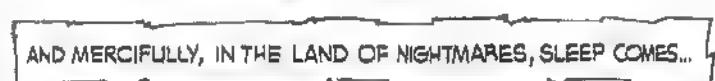
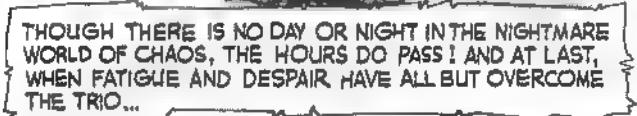
A PATH!
YOU HAVE FOUND
A PATH!

GO NOW, STRANGER! POOR
NORTO! HOW WERE YOU
TO KNOW THAT DEATH
HIMSELF CANNOT BE CALLED
FORTH TO SERVE THE MAD
GOD CHAOS? GO NOW
GENTLE WAYFARER,
TRAITOR TO THE
CAUSE OF CHAOS!

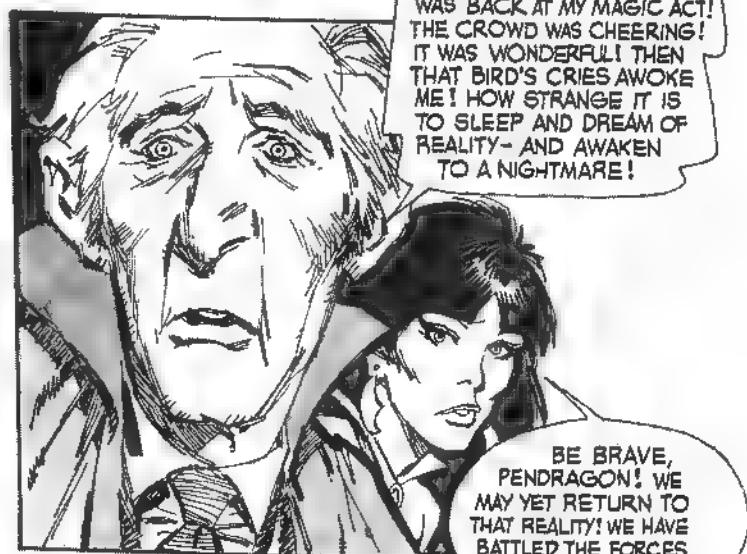
THE NETHER VOID! THE LAIR OF CHAOS AND HIS SEVEN DEMON SERVANTS! THE GOD WHO PURSUES ME EVEN NOW! **THIS IS NOT FREEDOM!**

THERE WAS NO WAY TO ESCAPE... NO WAY TO BE FREE FOR I WAS CAUGHT LIKE A FLY IN THE GREAT HAND OF CHAOS!





WHEN PITIFULLY FEW HOURS HAVE PASSED...



THE DEATH-DEALING RAYS OF THE DREAMSLAYER BURN THROUGH VAMPIRELLA...



THE GIRL! SHE'S MORE POWERFUL THAN I THOUGHT! I MUST HAVE TIME TO THINK THIS OVER! AND SO--

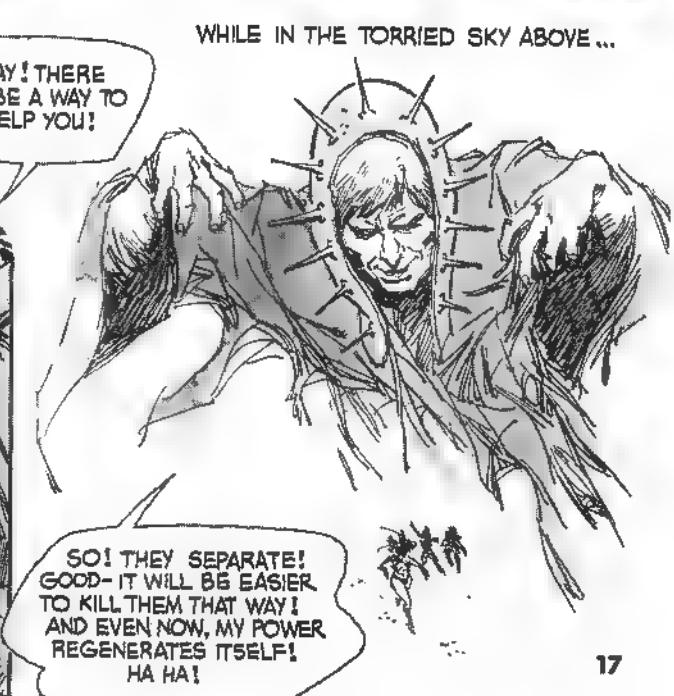
STREAMS OF HELL-SEARING ENERGY KNOCK THE DREAMSLAYER OFF HIS FEET!



A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF DREAMSLAYER! ANOTHER MENACE TO BE DEALT WITH, IN A WORLD WHERE IN EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY, THERE LURKS A DEMON! DO YOU **STILL** THINK THERE IS HOPE FOR US, VAMPIRELLA?

I - I DON'T KNOW!





AT LAST, FAR FROM HER FRIENDS, VAMPIRELLA CAN RUN NO MORE...

AND IN VAMPIRELLA'S PAIN-WRACKED MIND, ANOTHER DREAM IS BORN...*



* TRISTAN WAS VAMPI'S FIRST LOVE ON DRAKULON, SEE THE VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL - "THE ORIGIN OF VAMPIRELLA"

I BRING YOU WATER
FROM OUR HOME WORLD
OF DRAKULON, VAMPIRELLA!
THE SUBSTANCE THESE
EARTH PEOPLE KNOW
AS BLOOD!

TRISTAN! OH,
TRISTAN! (CHOKE) I
KNEW YOU WOULD
COME BACK TO ME!
(GASP) I KNEW YOU
WOULD HELP ME!



THEN, THE CRUEL REALITY OF NIGHTMARE WORLD RETURNS...

WHAT FOOLISH
PRATTLING IS THIS,
VAMPIRELLA? ARE YOU
DEFEATED SO EASILY?
HAVE YOU TAKEN
REFUGE IN MADNESS?!

DREAMSLAYER!

NOW, FOR
THE GLORY OF
CHAOS,
YOU DIE!



KA-WHAM!

UHHH!

THOUGH WE LACK **YOUR**
POWERS, DREAMSLAYER,
BRUTE FORCE CAN SOMETIMES
BE A FORMIDABLE DEFENSE!



QUICK!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE WHILE HE'S
STILL GROGGY!

YOU WILL
PAY FOR THIS
HUMILIATION!



YOU MUST DRINK
MY BLOOD!

THEN THERE
IS ONLY ONE ANSWER,
VAMPIRELLA...

WHEN THEY SEE THAT THE DREAMSLAYER DOES NOT
PURSUE THEM, THEY STOP TO REST...

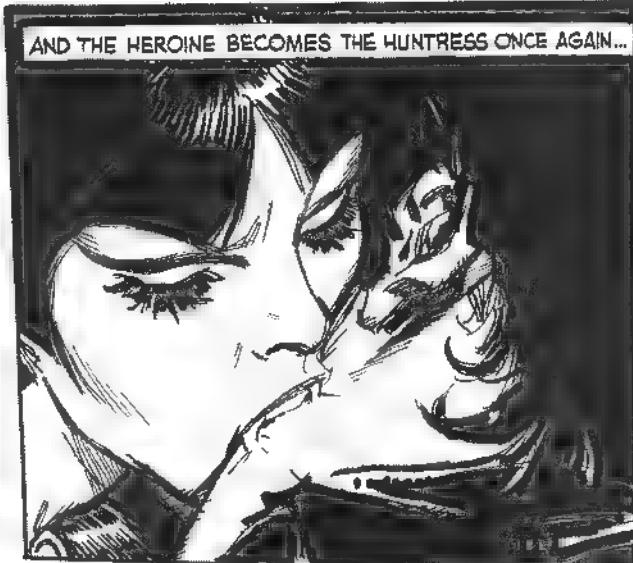
IT'S NO USE,
ADAM! I CAN'T
GO ON! I'M
TOO WEAK!

NO, ADAM! PLEASE,
DON'T TEMPT ME! THE
CRAVING - IT'S TOO
STRONG ALREADY!
ALMOST TOO STRONG
FOR ME TO
RESIST!



DON'T RESIST IT! YOU
NEED MY BLOOD! IT'S YOURS!
I GIVE IT TO YOU GLADLY!

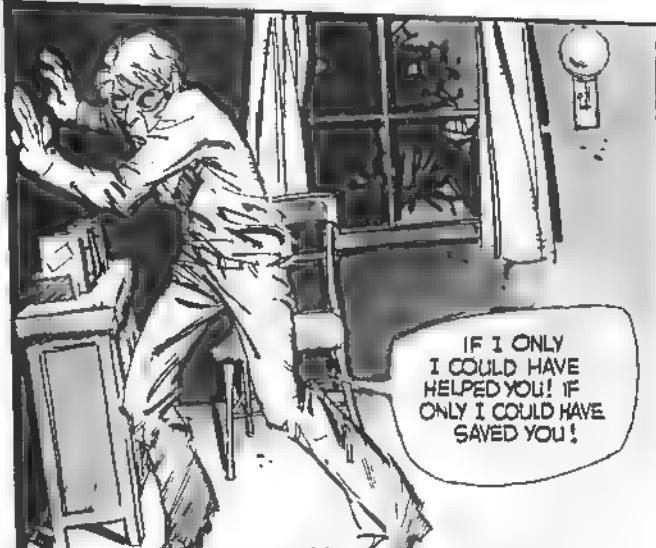




FOR A LONG, AGONIZED MOMENT,
THEY LOCK IN THAT DEATH EMBRACE,
TILL ADAM VAN HELSING'S LIFE BLOOD
FLOWS THROUGH HIS ARTERIES AND
VEINS NO MORE! HE SLUMPS IN THE
ARMS OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES...



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, A BLIND MAN WHO HAD BEEN CALM ONLY MOMENTS AGO LEAPS TO HIS FEET...



AND IN THE NIGHTMARE WORLD, ANOTHER BEING ECHOES CONRAD VAN HELSING'S VOW - BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON...





SUDDENLY...

PENDRAGON,
LOOK! HE'S
ALIVE!

GNHHHH...

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS
YOUR BITING MY NECK, BUT- BUT-

BUT THERE
ARE NO BITE
MARKS ON
YOUR
THROAT!

SUDDENLY
I UNDERSTAND! THE
THINGS **WE** DID, THEY WERE
UNREAL, AS IN ANY DREAM!
ONLY THE DREAMSLAYER HAD
THE POWER TO KILL IN THAT
NIGHTMARE WORLD! EVEN THE
DEMON BIRDS-THEY COULD
ONLY FRIGHTEN US, BUT NEVER
KILL US! THAT WAS NORTO'S
PUNISHMENT-TO DREAM ON
FOREVER, NEVER TO DIE
TILL DREAMSLAYER KILLED
HIM BY MISTAKE!

THERE, THERE!
SOON WE'LL BE OUT OF
HERE, AND YOU'LL HAVE
THE SERUM YOU NEED!
YOU'LL SEE THINGS
DIFFERENTLY THEN! BUT
TELL ME - WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
DREAMSLAYER?

THEN EVERYTHING IS
ALL RIGHT, DARLING! I'M AS
FIT AS A FIDDLE--YOU
REALLY DID NOTHING
AT ALL TO ME!

NO! IT ISN'T
ALL RIGHT! HOW CAN
I EVER FORGET WHAT
I DID TO YOU IN THAT DREAM
WORLD! IT PROVES WHAT I'VE
FEARED ALL ALONG--THAT AT
HEART, I AM NOT A WOMAN,
BUT A HUNTRESS! AND IF
NEED BE (SOB), I WOULD
KILL YOU IN REAL LIFE
AS WELL!

HE'S TRAPPED--
IN NORTO'S
NIGHTMARE!

FAR AWAY, ON THE ISLAND REPUBLIC OF COTE DE SOLEIL, ANOTHER MAN IS TRAPPED AS WELL! TRAPPED IN A SIGHTLESS WORLD OF FRUSTRATION AND DESPAIR! BUT CONRAD VAN HELSING HAS A SIXTH SENSE WHICH KNOWS EVEN NOW...

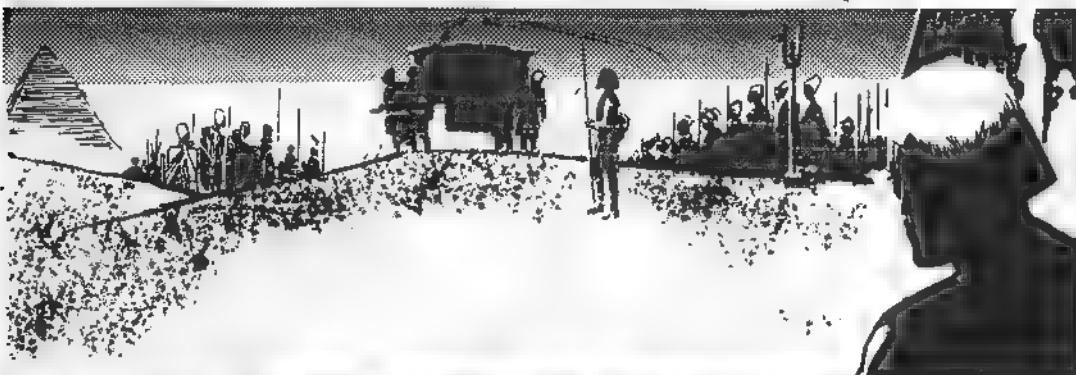


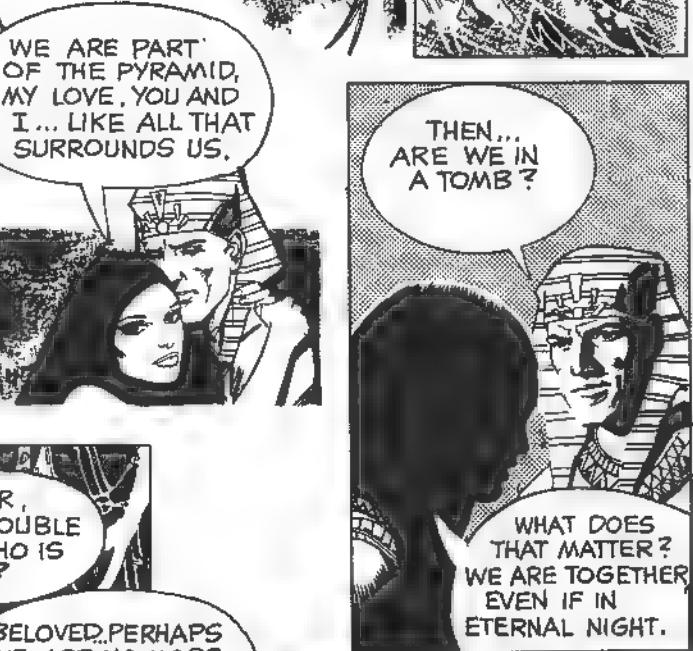
NEXT ISSUE: VAMPIRELLA LEARNS THAT "DRACULA STILL LIVES!"

HE FELT ALONE, INFINITELY ALONE.
IT WAS AS IF HE HAD SLEPT
THROUGH ALL OF RECORDED TIME.
THAT CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE
THAT FIRST SPAWNED HIM WAS
UNKNOWN, NAMELESS. HE HAD
NOTHING, ONLY SOLITUDE, AND
THE ACHING MEMORY OF A GIRL,
HER WARMTH AND LOVE IN LIFE.
HE KNEW FOR CERTAIN THAT
THERE WAS NO WAY TO
PENETRATE THE DARKNESS,
NO WAY TO RETURN TO THE
LAND OF THE LIVING.

HORUS TOMB OF THE GODS

ELSEWHERE, THE GUARDIANS OF THE DEAD TRUDGE FORWARD SLOWLY,
THE UNMOVING BODY OF A GIRL WITHIN THEIR SEPULCHRE.





THE TWO LOVERS PASS THROUGH THE SHADOWS
OF THE DUST-LADEN PYRAMID IN SEARCH OF
AN ANSWER.

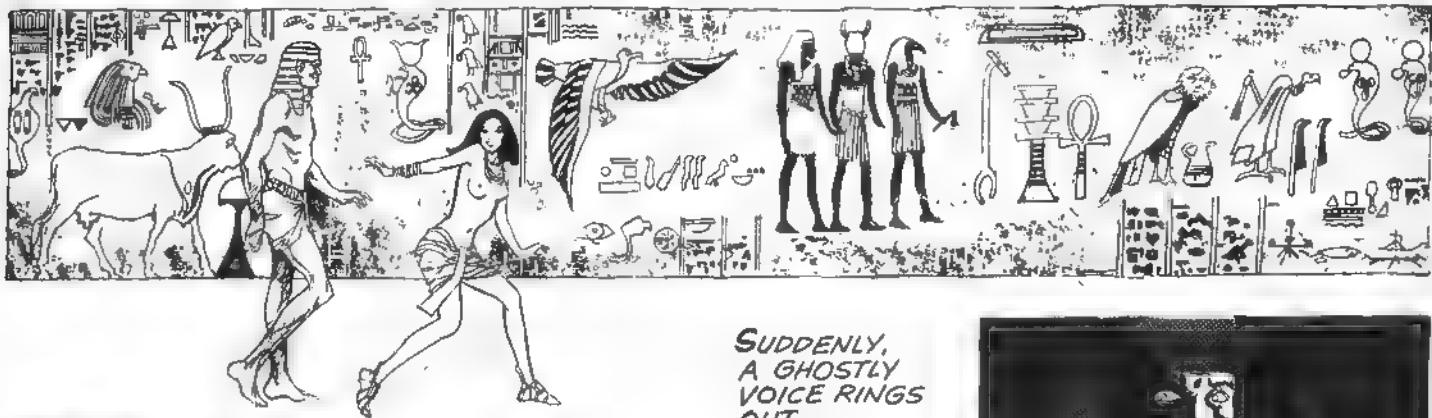
I MUST
SEE THE DEAD ONE! THE
DANGER MATTERS NOTHING.
I MUST KNOW WHY WE
ARE IN THIS TOMB.

I WILL ACCOMPANY
YOU BUT DO NOT
AWAKEN HIM. HE
MUST NOT BE
AWAKENED!

THE GIRL
NEFER PRECEDES
HIM, HER STEP
LIKE THAT OF
THE FLIGHT OF
BIRDS.



"GO SLOWLY, NEFER," HE WHISPERS. "WE APPROACH THE SEPULCHRE."



SUDDENLY,
A GHOSTLY
VOICE RINGS
OUT,
STARTLING
THEM.



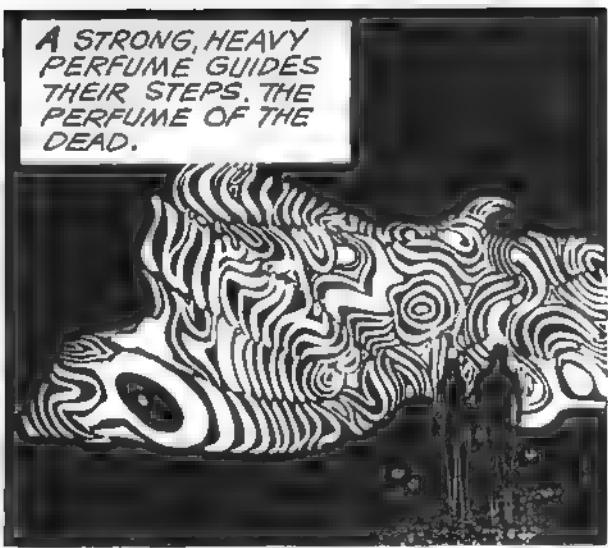
"WHO ARE YOU?"
CALL TWO DEATHLY
FIGURES ABOVE
THEM... "WHAT IS
IT THAT YOU
WANT?"



HURRY AWAY,
NEFER! I AM
AFRAID. I DO NOT
KNOW WHO THEY
ARE BUT THEIR
PRESENCE SPEAKS
OF ILL OMEN!

BUT THE
ABYSS OF
TERROR
ATTRACTS
HIM.

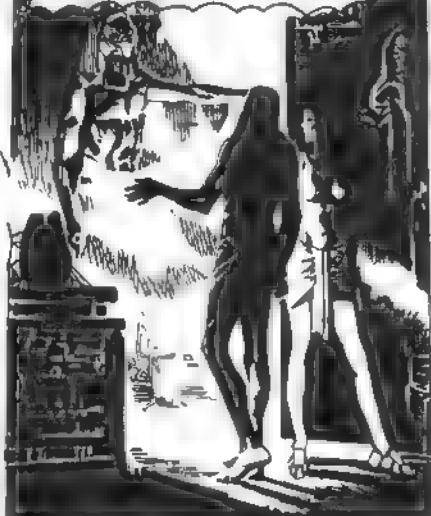




BEFORE THEM ON THE
TABLE, LIES THE SLEEPER...



NO MATTER WHERE YOU
FIND YOURSELF, THE SAME
DOUBTS WOULD TROUBLE
YOU. DO NOT QUESTION
WHAT IS NOT NECESSARY
FOR YOU TO KNOW.



ALTER NOT TOMORROW FOR WHAT YOU SHARE TODAY! CLASP WHAT YOU HAVE, FRAIL BEINGS, AND DO NOT LET IT ESCAPE. HORUS HAS SPOKEN THE LAST TIME!

DRINK IN THE MOONLIGHT, LOVERS. THE MOONLIGHT THAT KNOWS NOT TIME OR PLACE. BREATHE THE PERFUME WHILE YOU STILL CAN. FEAST OF LIFE FOR THE FLOWER WITHERS ALL TOO SOON...

COME TAKE HEED OF HIS WISDOM. THERE WAS A TREMOR OF DEATH IN HIS VOICE. LET US NOT PROVOKE THAT.

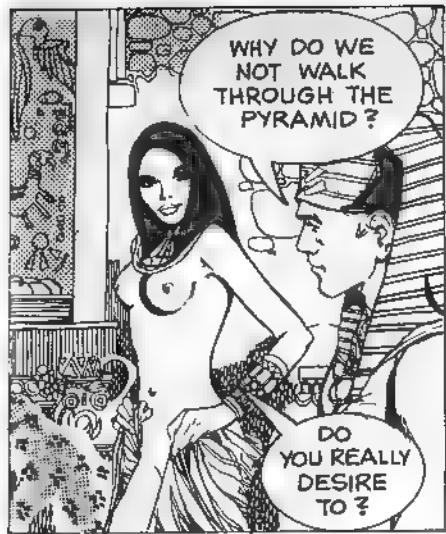
LET US DROWN OUR DOUBTS IN LOVE. WHO KNOWS WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS?

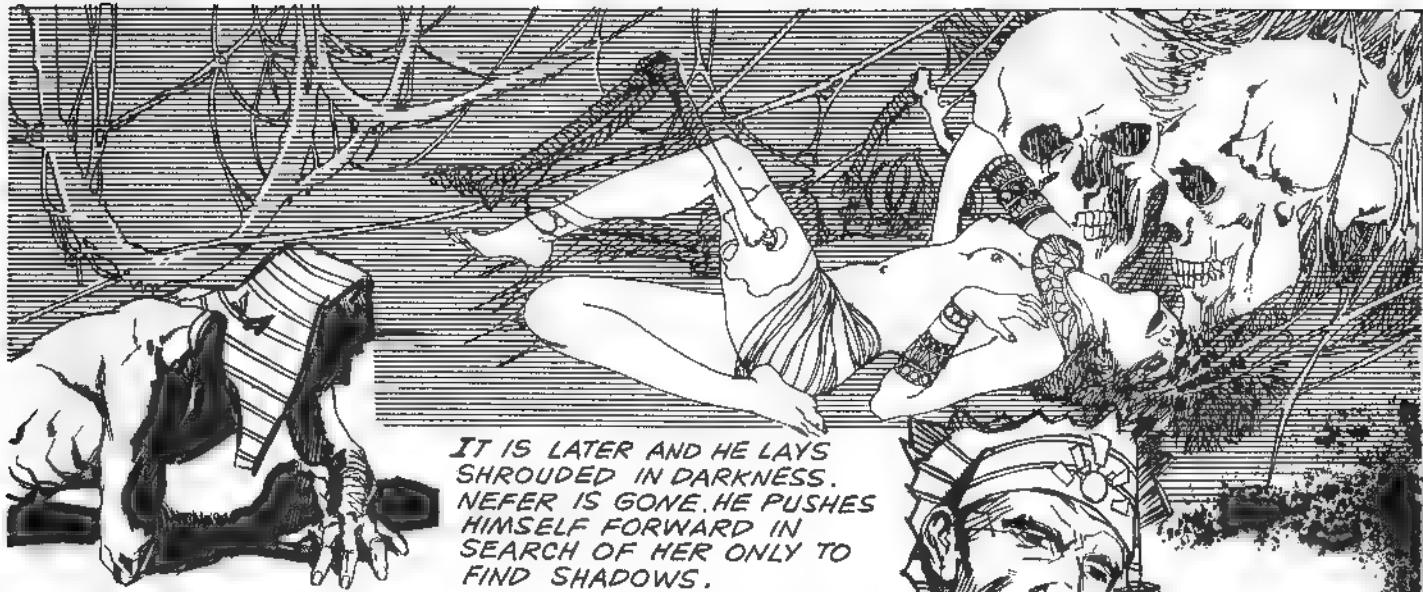


THE LOVERS SIT IN QUIET, TOGETHER AND ALIVE...

I DON'T KNOW. LET US WAIT, NEFER...AND YET...

AND NOW...? WHAT NEXT?





IT IS LATER AND HE LAYS SHROUDED IN DARKNESS. NEFER IS GONE. HE PUSHES HIMSELF FORWARD IN SEARCH OF HER ONLY TO FIND SHADOWS.

STUNG BY THE BRUTAL LOSS OF HIS LOVE, HE DROWNS THE TERROR WITHIN AND HURRIES FORWARD.



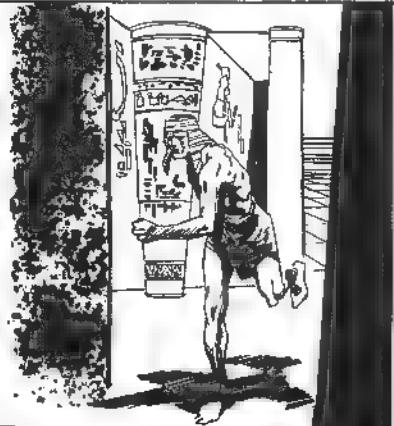
HOW COULD I HAVE LISTENED TO A BLOCK OF STONE? I SHOULD HAVE LEFT HERE WITH NEFER WHEN SHE ASKED ME TOO... WHEN WE STILL HAD TIME.



THE HALL OF THE SLEEPER! IS THE ANSWER I SEEK THERE?



ALMOST IN DESPAIR, HE RACES THROUGH THE DARK AND HAUNTED HALLWAYS OF THE DEAD.



OUT OF MY WAY! I MUST KNOW. I HAVE TO. I'VE GOT TO BREAK FREE! THE SLEEPER WILL HELP ME. HE HAS TO! THE SLEEPER...







SHE WAS CROUCHED OVER THE BODY OF A MAN, DOING
SOMETHING **GHASTLY**-- SOMETHING NO **BANE** PERSON
WOULD EVER DO. SHE WAS BABBLING INCOHERENTLY,
HUNKED OVER THE MIDNIGHT FORM OF...

DEATH IN THE SHADOWS

THE HARSH JANGLE OF THE POORBELL
SHATTERS SLEEP... AROUSES THE
SLUMBERING COUPLE TO AWARENESS,
URGES THEM DOWN THE STAIRWAY, TO
ANSWER THE DOOR...



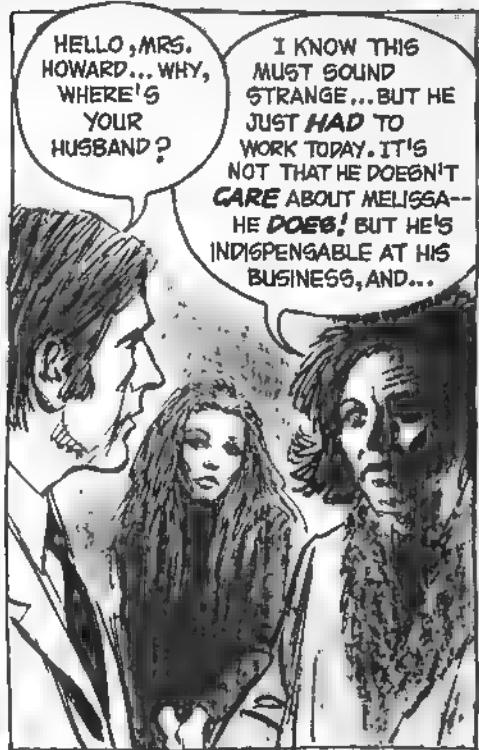
THE NEXT DAY IS A PAINFUL ONE FOR MRS. HOWARD. IT MARKS THE LAST TIME SHE WILL SEE HER DAUGHTER FOR MANY LONG AND EMPTY MONTHS...



AND THE POIGNANT LONELINESS OF THIS FINAL MEETING IS FURTHER COMPOUNDED BY THE FACT THAT SHE MUST WITNESS THE INCARCERATION OF HER DAUGHTER IN THE STATE SANITARIUM FOR THE INSANE...



...AND THE GRIEF-STRICKEN MRS. HOWARD MUST WITNESS THIS ALONE.



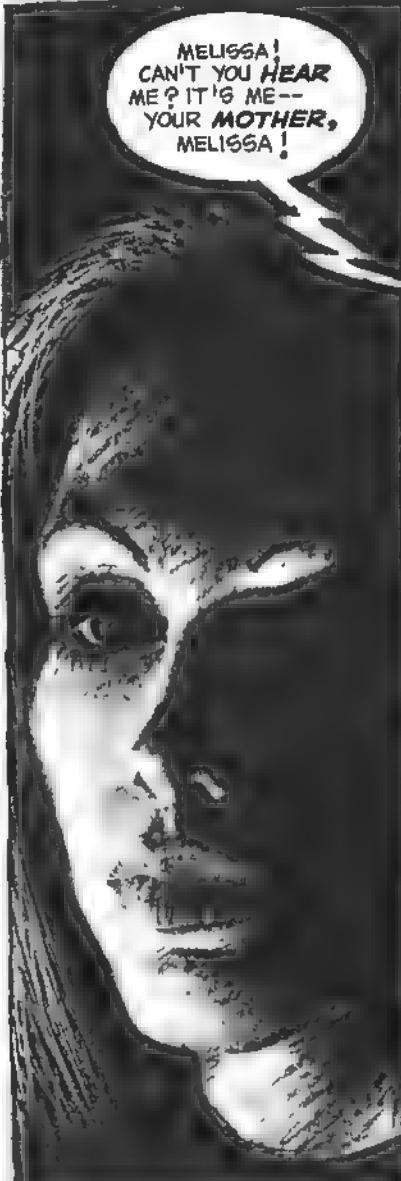
HELLO, MRS. HOWARD... WHY, WHERE'S YOUR HUSBAND?

I KNOW THIS MUST SOUND STRANGE... BUT HE JUST HAD TO WORK TODAY. IT'S NOT THAT HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT MELISSA-- HE DOES! BUT HE'S INDISPENSABLE AT HIS BUSINESS, AND...



I UNDERSTAND, MRS. HOWARD. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SPEND SOME TIME TALKING TO YOUR DAUGHTER BEFORE...

YES--YES, I WOULD. HOW ARE YOU, MELISSA? MELISSA...? MELISSA, IT'S ME!



MELISSA! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? IT'S ME-- YOUR MOTHER, MELISSA!

I'M AFRAID SHE'S OVERTIRED, MRS. HOWARD! SHE REFUSED TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT-- SHE KEPT RAVING ABOUT "THE UNDEAD" AND HOW "VAMPIRES" DON'T SLEEP AT NIGHT. I HAD TO ADMINISTER A SEDATIVE TO HER JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO.



I... SHE... THEN THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE? SHE'S STILL THE ... SAME?



LIKE A CRAZED ANIMAL, MELISSA WHIRLs UPON THE STARTLED NURSE IN A DISPLAY OF FERAL RAGE, HER VOICE HISSING EERILY.

SEETHING WITH UNBRIDLED FURY, HER EYES BLAZING INTENTLY, MELISSA SUDDENLY ATTEMPTS AN ATTACK UPON THE FLEEING NURSE...



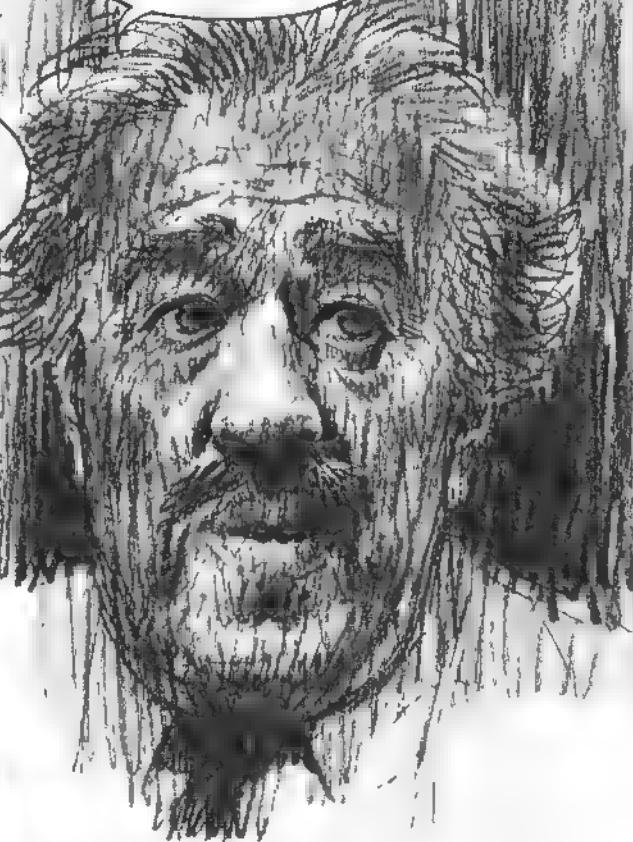


Hysterically distraught, the nurse seeks out the presiding psychiatrist...

IT'S MELISSA HOWARD, DOCTOR! SHE'S VIOLENT! SHE JUST TRIED TO ATTACK ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE WOULD'VE DONE IF SHE'D CAUGHT ME--!



...TELL THE INTERNS TO READY THE PATIENT FOR SHOCK TREATMENT!



THE FRENZIEDLY KICKING, CLAWING, SCREAMING GIRL IS FORCIBLY DRAGGED TO THE GRIM ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY LABORATORY. STURDY, UNYIELDING LEATHER STRAPS ARE BUCKLED SECURELY ACROSS HER DESPERATELY STRUGGLING TORSO, AND A GLUICING TORRENT OF IMPOTENCY WASHES OVER HER...

LET ME GO, YOU FOOLS! IT'S NIGHTTIME-- I MUST GET OUT IN THE NIGHTTIME! THE UNDEAD MUST--

HUSH, MELISSA! CALM YOURSELF... THE TREATMENT YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE WILL MAKE YOU FORGET...

FORGET ALL OF YOUR TROUBLES... ALL THAT NONSENSE ABOUT VAMPIRES...

MONTHS LATER, AFTER THE ESTRANGED GIRL HAS UNDERGONE LONG PERIODS OF CAREFULLY DIAGNOSED SHOCK TREATMENT AT RELENTLESS INTERVALS...

I THINK MELISSA HOWARD'S PROGRESS HAS NOW REACHED A STAGE SUFFICIENT TO WARRANT HER IMMEDIATE RELEASE, NURSE! ALTHOUGH SHE STILL PERSISTS IN SLEEPING DURING THE DAY-- MOST PROBABLY OUT OF HABIT-- SHE'S COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ALL OF HER OTHER PREVIOUS OBSESSONS.

AS MELISSA'S PARENTS FINALLY TAKE THEIR DAUGHTER HOME, TOTAL, UNEASY SILENCE REIGNS WITHIN THE STIFLED INTERIOR OF THE CAR AS IT PLOWS THROUGH THE ALL-PERVADING GLOOM OF NIGHT...



...UNTIL MRS. HOWARD'S VOICE SHATTERS
THE APPREHENSIVE SILENCE...

IT'S GOING TO BE
WONDERFUL WITH YOU BACK
AT HOME, MELISSA. WE'VE BEEN
SO LONELY WITHOUT YOU ALL
THESE LONG MONTHS...

YES, MELISSA,
AND WAIT 'TIL YOU
SEE OUR NEW HOME--WE
JUST BOUGHT A NEW
HOUSE IN BATAVIA.
DIDN'T WANT YOU TO
BE REMINDED OF
ANYTHING CONNECTED
WITH THE OLD HOUSE
AND THAT TOWN...

19

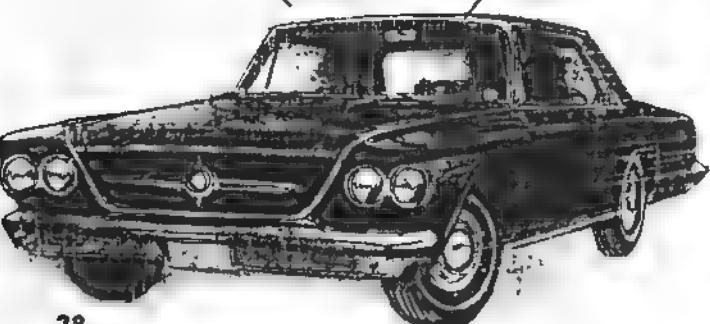
I'M...SURE
I'LL...LIKE THE
HOUSE, FATHER, BUT...
WHAT IS IT YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO...REMEMBER?
I FEEL CERTAIN THERE
IS SOMETHING I MUST
REMEMBER--SOMETHING
I MUST DO --AND IF
I DON'T DO IT, MY
VERY EXISTENCE WILL BE
THREATENED! WHAT IS
IT? I FEEL SO
WEAK--DRAINED...

YOU'RE JUST
TIRED, MELISSA! A
LITTLE REST AND
YOU'LL BE FEELING
FINE!

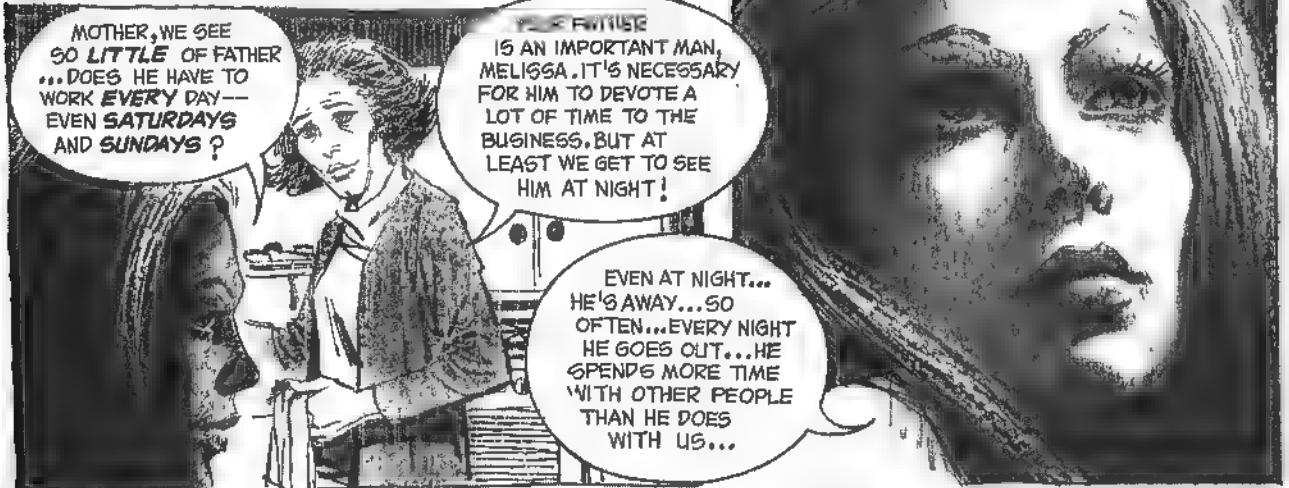
YOUR FATHER
IS RIGHT, DEAR.
THERE'S **NOTHING**
YOU MUST
REMEMBER!

WELL, HERE WE
ARE, MELISSA! HOW
DO YOU LIKE THE NEW
HOUSE? MELISSA...?
MELISSA, I SAID
WE'RE **HERE**...

HUH?...OH,
I'M SORRY, FATHER.
I WAS JUST...TRYING
TO REMEMBER...YES,
THE HOUSE IS VERY...
BEAUTIFUL...

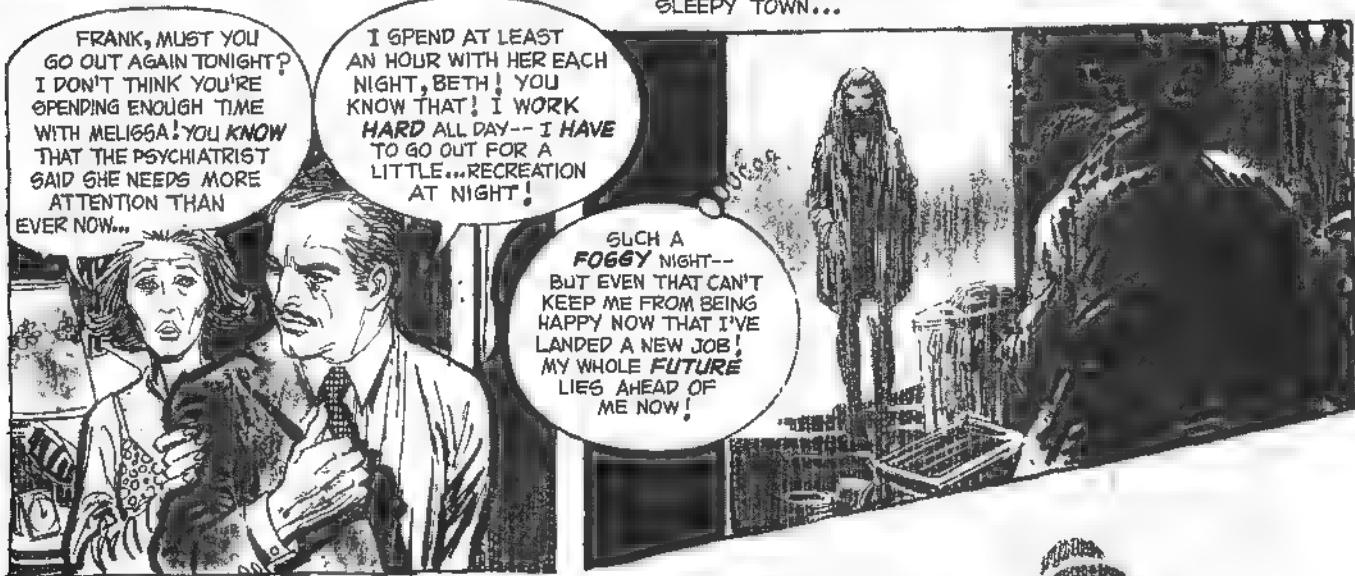


DURING THE MELANCHOLY DAYS WHICH FOLLOW MELISSA'S LOSS OF MEMORY IS NOT THE ONLY THING WHICH NAGS AT THE PERIPHERY OF HER MIND...



THAT NIGHT, AS MR. HOWARD PREPARES TO GO OUT...

LATER THAT NIGHT, A LONE WOMAN MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE SHADOW-HAUNTED STREETS OF THE SLEEPY TOWN...



...TO CONFIRM A RENDEZVOUS WITH...

...SUDDEN DEATH!



THE NEXT NIGHT, AFTER MR. HOWARD ARRIVES HOME FROM WORK...

OH FRANK, I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT MELISSA...WELL, IT WAS GHASTLY--THEY SAY IT WAS THE FIRST MURDER IN BATAVIA FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS! AND MELISSA STILL SLEEPS ALL DAY AND...

QUIET, BETH! MELISSA'S COMING!

HELLO, MELISSA! UH... WHAT DID YOU DO LAST NIGHT?

LAST NIGHT? I... TOOK A WALK... IT WAS AS IF I HAD TO DO SOMETHING... I STILL CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT...

MELISSA, I WANT YOU TO STAY IN YOUR ROOM TONIGHT! DON'T GO OUTSIDE FOR ANYTHING! I FORBID IT! I'LL BE UPSTAIRS TO SEE YOU LATER TONIGHT.

YES... FATHER... I'LL... BE WAITING... FOR YOU...

MINUTES PASS LIKE HOURS-- HOURS LIKE ETERNITIES--FOR THE BEWILDERED GIRL AS SHE SITS ALONE IN HER SILENT ROOM, SURROUNDED BY THE GLOOM...

MY HEAD... FEELS LIKE MY BRAIN IS ITCHING... LIKE ANTS ARE CRAWLING INSIDE MY EARS-- LIKE WHEN I WAS STRAPPED DOWN IN THE HOSPITAL... WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WHAT I HAVE TO DO AT NIGHT?

WHY AM I SO FILLED WITH ANXIETY-- THIS PRESSING ON MY HEAD-- TINGLING-- MUST SEE MOTHER OR FATHER...



MOTHER?
FATHER? ARE
YOU HERE?

MOTHER!
OH, MY
GOD--!!!

KLICK

MELISSA STARES DOWN IN FROZEN SHOCK AT THE STILL FORM OF HER MOTHER--AT THE TWO RAGGED LACERATIONS ON HER THROAT--AT THE THICK CRIMSON FLUID ON THE WHITE PILLOW...



THEN, THE GRISLY SIGHT OF HER SLAIN MOTHER JARS HER MIND--RELEASES THE FLOODGATES OF HER MEMORY, EXONERATES HER FROM HER OWN SUSPICIONS, AND FULL RECOLLECTION OF THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT IN THE CEMETERY RETURNS TO HER WITH CRASHING REVELATION!

NO! I WAS IN MY ROOM--I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS! NOW I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT--THEY SAID I ATTACKED THE CARETAKER IN SOME HORRIBLE WAY! I DID--I TRIED TO DRIVE A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART--BECAUSE HE WAS A VAMPIRE!!!

SEIZED WITH GRIM RESOLVE, THE SUDDENLY ANIMATED GIRL BOLTS DOWN THE HALLWAY TO HER OWN ROOM...



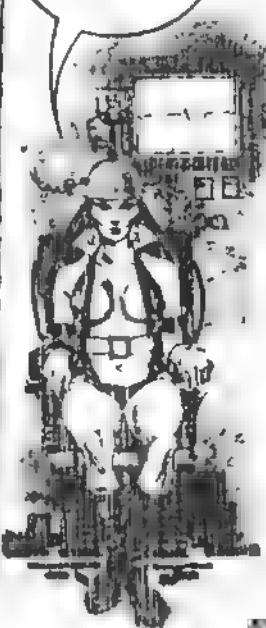
LOCKING THE BEDROOM DOOR BEHIND HER, MELISSA REACHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH--BUT BEFORE SHE CAN, AN EERIE BLOOD-FREEZING SOUND ISSUES FROM THE BLACKNESS BEHIND HER...



HER BLOOD TURNING TO ICY WATER AT THE SOUND FROM THE BLACK VOID, MELISSA STABS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH REVEALING THE GRIMACING FEATURES OF...



PRETTY SHOCKING, EH READERS? I BET THE OLD MAN USED TO PAINT THE TOWN RED ON HIS NIGHTLY JAUNTS.



HERE'S A
DELICIOUS TALE
ABOUT THAT
DIETARY ITEM
CALLED MALE
CHAUVINIST
PIG!

GOOD LORD!
THE FIEND HAS
STRUCK AGAIN. ONE
OF OUR OWN
OFFICERS THIS
TIME!

POOR CHET!
JUST LIKE THE
OTHERS. NOTHING
LEFT BUT HIS HEAD,
HANDS, FEET AND
UNIFORM. AND AS
USUAL, NO MOTIVE, NO
CLUES!

To: Hal V. Jackson, Managing Editor,
Trend Magazine
FROM: Leon Campbell
OK, Chief, here's the scoop you dreamed of.
For me it's a nightmare, but I'll keep my breezy
image to the end and win my Pulitzer the
hard way. Put Rewrite on this -- no time
for my usual polish. Shame there are no pix,
but I'll settle for just this reaching you. Much
as I love women, if I have my way just one
more time I'll be satisfied that it's
still...

A MAN'S WORLD

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, I WASN'T
TOO HIPPED ON COVERING THIS
STORY FROM THE FIRST...

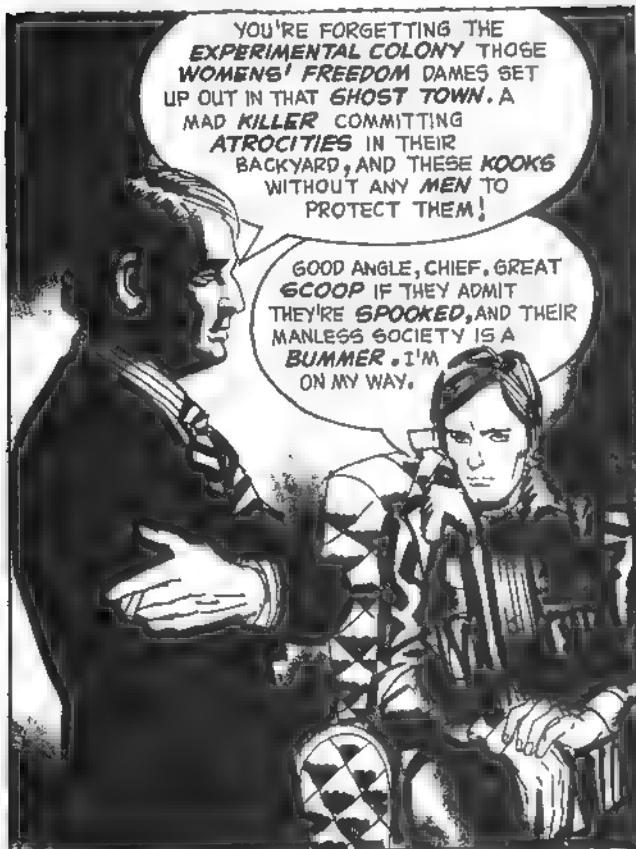
... FOR THE THIRD TIME IN AS
MANY MONTHS, THE MAD BUTCHER
HAS CLAIMED A VICTIM, THIS TIME
FROM THE RANKS OF THE POLICE,
WHO ADMIT THEY ARE BAFFLED.
SCATTERED RESIDENTS OF THE
DESERT AREA HAVE DEMANDED
GREATER PROTECTION, BUT...

LEON, HOP
THE NEXT JET WEST.
TAKE WALLY DOOLEY
FOR YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.
HE'S A GOOD
CHEESECAKE MAN.

CHEESECAKE?
YOU'VE FLIPPED, HAL.
THERE'S NOTHING BUT
FEET TO SHOOT,
AND THE VICTIMS
ARE ALL MEN.

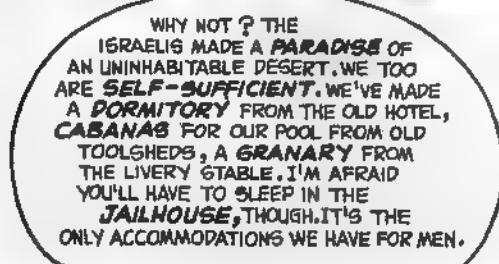
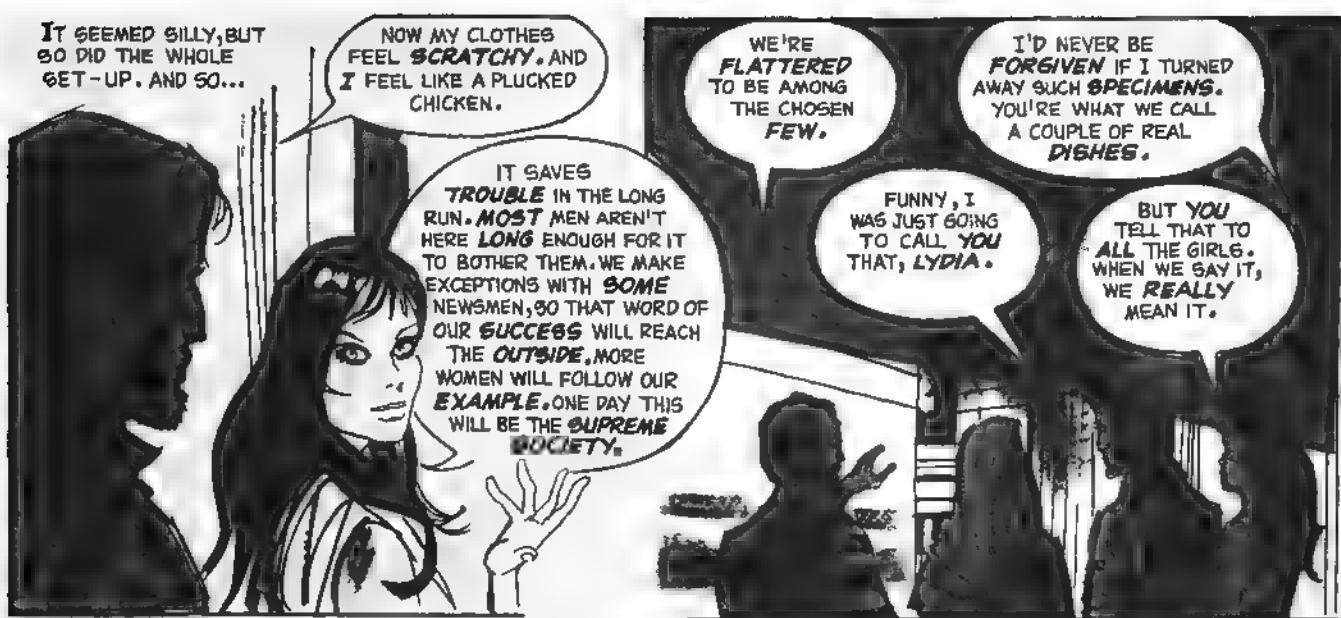
BUT AS USUAL YOUR NOSE FOR NEWS WAS SNIFFING UP A STORM.

AT FIRST IT LOOKED LIKE WE WEREN'T VERY WELCOME.



SHE WAS DRESSED WIERD. YOU AIN'T SEEN CHEESECAKE UNTIL YOU'VE DIG LEADER KRANTZ. BUT SHE WAS ALL HOODED UP IN A ROBE! IT WAS LIKE BROWNING IN A PASTRY SHOP WITH BLINDERS ON! BUT THEN WE ENCOUNTERED THE FIRST STRANGE THING.





I SPOKE OF DRUNK TANKS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED, AND HOW I WAS HELD IN PRAGUE ON PHONY SPY CHARGES UNTIL YOU COULD PULL THE RIGHT STRINGS.

I'LL FEEL RIGHT AT HOME, KRANTZ. SAY, WHAT'S THAT PADLOCKED BUILDING?

THE OLD ICE-HOUSE, WE STILL USE IT. AND EVEN SAPPHITES ARE STILL WOMEN. IF WE DIDN'T LOCK IT UP, SOME OF THE GIRLS COULDN'T RESIST MIDNIGHT SNACKS. THEY'D BE FAT AS TOADS IN NO TIME.

THEN SHE LAID MORE FREAKY RULES ON US.

NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOUR AFTERNOON NAPS.

YOU'RE KIDDING! NEXT YOU'LL GIVE US MILK AND COOKIES AT DINNER.

TRUE. IT'S THE RULE. WE PAMPER OUR FEW MALE GUESTS. NO WORK, LOTS OF REST, LOTS OF WHOLESOME FOOD, LOAFING AT THE POOL, BUT NO SITTING IN THE SUN. WE CAN'T STAND LEATHERY SKIN.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A HEALTH SPA FOR GUYS.

IN A WAY, YOU CAN'T BE WITH US LONG, SO WE WANT YOU ABSOLUTELY CONTENTED. ANYTHING WE HAVE IS YOURS. I'LL BE YOUR SPONSOR, AND LYDIA WILL BE WALLY'S.

I-I... PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD BE ASSIGNED...

IT'S YOU I WANT--AND I'M AN HONORED GUEST.

DINNER THAT NIGHT WAS A BLOCK PARTY. BARBECUE, THE ROAST TURNING ON A SPIT. MUSIC FROM HOMEMADE INSTRUMENTS. ROBED GIRLS DANCING AND CAVORTING IN THE FIRELIGHT. AND THESE TOUGH BUT BEAUTIFUL CREATURES CATERING TO OUR EVERY WHIM.

HONEY, I CAN'T HOLD ANOTHER BITE. WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR FOOD? IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE SUPERMARKET.

WE RAISE OUR OWN CROPS... AND THERE'S ADEQUATE GAME IN THE DESERT.

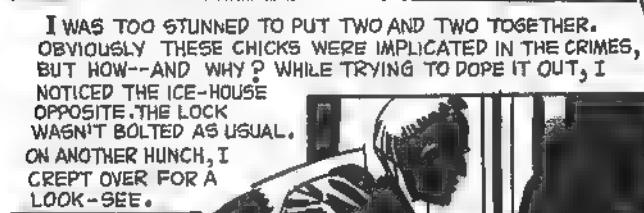
SO IT WENT. LAZING UNDER A BEACH UMBRELLA ALL DAY. RUBDOWNS EVERY HOUR. DANCING EVERY NIGHT. 14 MEALS DAILY. THIS WAS A WORK ASSIGNMENT? I FELT GUILTY AND THOUGHT ABOUT CALLING IT OFF, BUT I HAD A HUNCH THE MAD BUTCHER WOULD STRIKE AGAIN, AND I WANTED TO SEE THAT PHONEY SAPPHOVILLE FRONT CRACK WITH FEAR WHEN HE DID. AFTER TWO WEEKS OF PUTTING ON 20 LBS. AND STARTING TO LOOK LIKE A PEELED EGG, YESTERDAY MY HUNCH CAME TRUE.



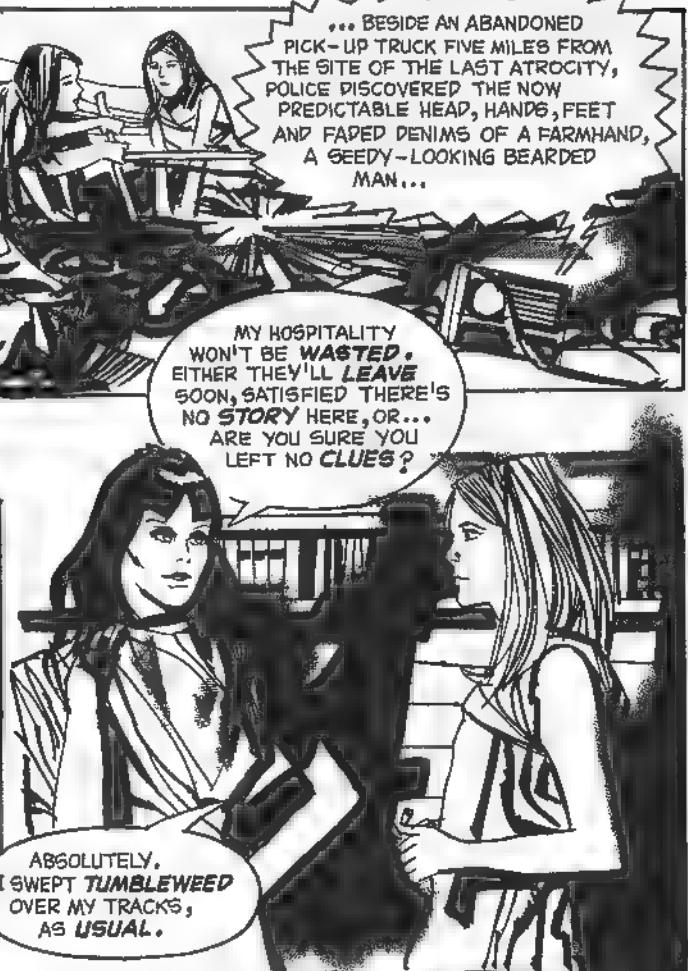
THE GIRLS STAYED COOL, I FIGURED IT WAS AN ACT FOR OUR BENEFIT, AND KEPT A CLOSE EYE ON KRANTZ. LATE LAST NIGHT SHE SUMMONED A GIRL TO HER CABIN. I HID AMONG THE CACTUS.



IT WAS AN **IMPULSE**, LEADER KRANTZ, I HITCHED A RIDE AND THE GUY WAS SO **FRESH** I COULDN'T RESIST. BESIDES, THE WAY YOUR **NEWSHOUNDS** EAT, HE COULD COME IN HANDY. WINTER'S NOT THAT FAR OFF.



DARK AS PITCH INSIDE. I TOOK A CHANCE AND FLICKED MY CIGARETTE LIGHTER.



ABSOLUTELY. I SWEPT TUMBLEWEED OVER MY TRACKS, AS USUAL.

IT WAS THEIR MEAT LOCKER, OKAY. DANGLING UPSIDE-DOWN FROM HOOKS WERE WHAT I FIRST TOOK TO BE FOUR SIDES OF BEEF. ONE HAD ALREADY BEEN THE MAIN COURSE A FEW TIMES. THE FRESHEST ONE WAS STILL DRAINING BLOOD ONTO THE SAWDUST FLOOR.





SELENA RETURNED. WALLY GAGGED AT THE HORROR OF THE SCENE.

I CAN'T DESCRIBE THE NEXT FEW HOURS IN THAT COLD, GHASTLY ROOM. THE ONLY SOUND WAS A SLOW, STEADY DRIP DRIP DRIP. I KNEW IF IT KEPT UP MUCH LONGER I WOULD LOSE MY MIND-- AND I WANTED TO.

MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, STRONGER SEX. IT'S THE LAST ONE YOU'LL HAVE, THOUGH YOU'LL HANG AROUND FOR A WHILE. SEE YOU AT SUNRISE. WHEN WE DO THE JOB ON THE PREMISES, WE MAKE A LITTLE RITUAL OF IT. SELENA, STAND GUARD OUTSIDE.

WHY DO THEY MAIM THEIR VICTIMS THAT WAY?

SIMPLE. GOURMET TASTES. WHO WANTS THE ROOSTER'S BEAK AND FEET? AND THEY DON'T TOTE WHAT THEY CAN'T USE.

IT WAS ALMOST DAWN WHEN WE HEARD A SOUND. CONVINCED THEY HAD COME FOR US, WE CRINGED IN THE CORNER. SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENED, AND...

LYDIA!

THEY'LL CALL ME AN UNCLE MOM FOR MY BETRAYAL-- BUT YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE, WALLY. IT WOULD BE LIKE SEEING HIM DIE AGAIN-- AND HAVING A HAND IN IT!



SHADOWS FELL ACROSS THE DOORWAY. TWO OF THEM HAD COME FOR US. THEY SAW SELENA'S BODY, SOUNDED THE ALARM AND BLOCKED OUR WAY. I DID THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE.

SORRY, CHUM, BUT IF EVER A RUNNER NEEDED A BODY BLOCK, IT'S NOW!



HURDLING THE FALLEN WOMEN, WE BROKE INTO THE OPEN. I SCOOPED UP MY TYPEWRITER OUTSIDE KRANTZ' CABIN. THE AMAZON PACK WAS AFTER US LIKE SHE-WOLVES.

ONE MOMENT LYDIA WAS HOLDING WALLY'S HAND, DRAGGING HIM ALONG. THE NEXT HE WAS HOLDING HER HAND. ONLY HER HAND. THE FIRST PHALANX HAD HURLED THEIR SICKLES WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.



THE SAPPHOITES PAUSED TO MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF LYDIA. THEY HADN'T A DOUBT THEY COULD OVERTAKE AT WILL THE SOFT, FATTED CALVES WE HAD LET THEM MAKE OF US.



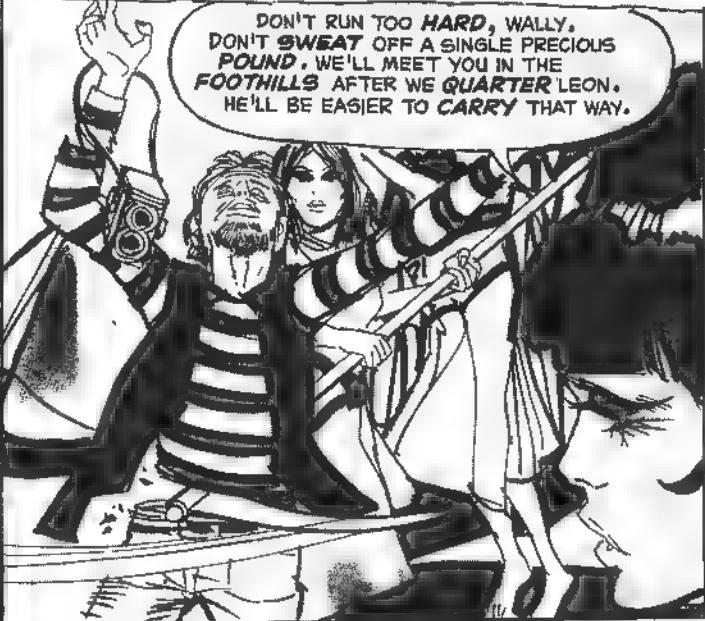
AND THEY WERE RIGHT. SECONDS LATER I DARED A BACKWARD GLANCE. THEY HAD OVERTAKEN WALLY, AND WERE MAKING SPORT OF HIM, LOPING ALONG UN-WINDED WHILE HE HUFFED AND PUFFED. THEY TAUNTED HIM WITH WORDS AND PRICKED HIS SKIN WITH THEIR WEAPONS. FINALLY ONE MERELY STUCK HER SCYTHE IN FRONT OF HIM, SHIN-HIGH...



HE RAN THROUGH THE BLADE, LIKE A VOLUNTEER SALAMI, AND KEPT RUNNING ON HIS GUSHING STUMPS. TOTTERING LIKE A DRUNK ON STILTS, HIS FEET SPLIT AWAY IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. THERE WAS NO TIME TO RUN... TO ESCAPE. HE KNEW HE WAS DONE THOUGH, AND HIS LAST WORDS WERE OF YOU...

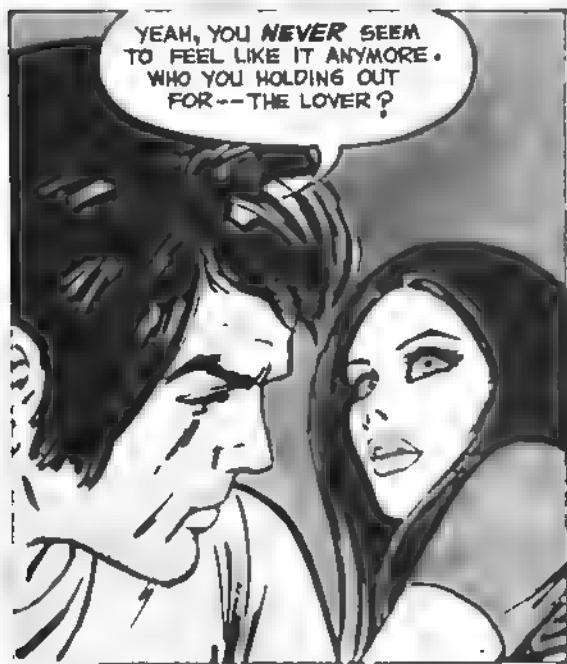


THE POOR DEVIL TRIED A GRENADE THROW, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE SCYTHE SNAKED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM AGAIN, AND HE WAS SLICED IN TWO. HIS LEGS TOOK TWO MORE STEPS FORWARD AS HIS TORSO SPUN OFF SIDEWISE.



SO, IN HIS OWN WAY, WALLY BOUGHT ME THE TIME TO WRITE THIS. BUT I HEAR THEM NOW, MAKING JOKES AND GIRLISH GIGGLES, AND IT WON'T BE LONG. I'M GOING TO WAD THIS UP, STUFF IT AS FAR BACK IN MY MOUTH AS I CAN, AND GRIT MY TEETH LIKE CRAZY TO KEEP MY YAP CLOSED LIKE YOU ALWAYS SAID I SHOULD. IF I'M LUCKY THE SLICE WILL BE NEAR THE COLLAR BONE, AND THEY WON'T FIND THIS-- BUT THE COPS WILL. HERE THEY COME. DO I GET A BONUS ON THIS ONE, HAL BABY?





GO AHEAD! GET YOURSELF KILLED AND TORN TO PIECES! SEE IF I CARE!

LANORA TOOK THE RIVER ROAD HOME, HOPING THE OLD WIDOW WOMAN WOULD BE IN BED. BUT SHE WASN'T. SHE SAT ON THE PORCH, AS ALWAYS.

AND AS ALWAYS SHE HAD A SOUR REMARK FOR LANORA. IT SEEMED AS IF THE OLD WOMAN NEVER RAN OUT OF SPIT.

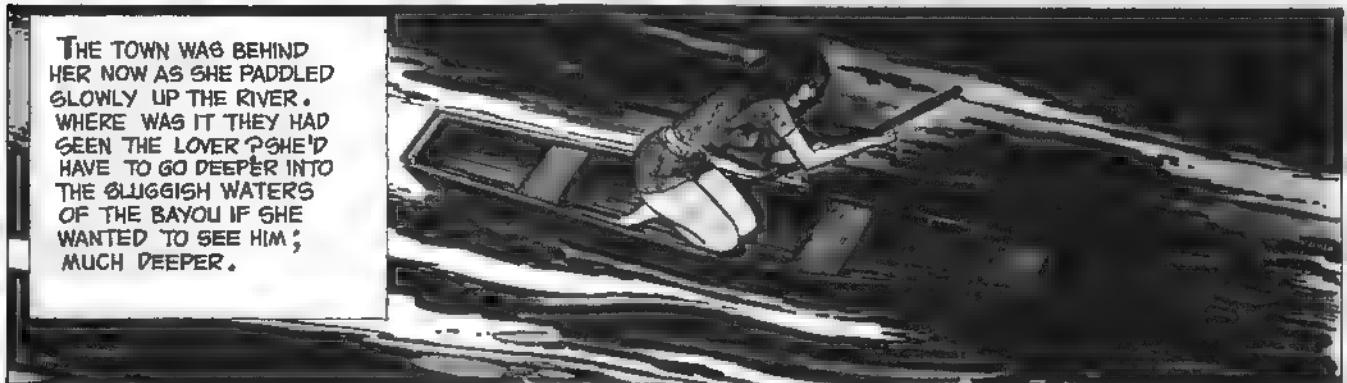
AND WHAT KEEPS A NICE, DECENT YOUNG LADY LIKE YOU OUT SO LATE, LANORA? BEEN TO A LATE CHURCH MEETING? OUT TENDING THE SICK?

NO, I JUST BEEN UP THE BAYOU TALKING TO THE LOVER, THAT'S ALL.

THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY! GO AHEAD, MAKE FUN OF THE LOVER! ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'LL LEAVE THAT SWAMP OF HIS AND COME INTO TOWN AND PAY YOU BACK FOR ALL THEM SMART REMARKS! THEN WE'LL SEE HOW SASSY YOU ARE!

LOT OF GOOD IT WOULD DO YOU, WIDOW WOMAN! YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT TO DO IF THE LOVER CAME KNOCKING ON YOUR BEDROOM DOOR!

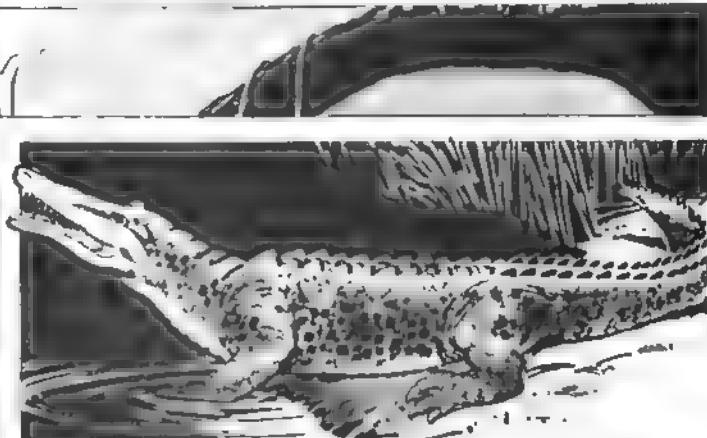




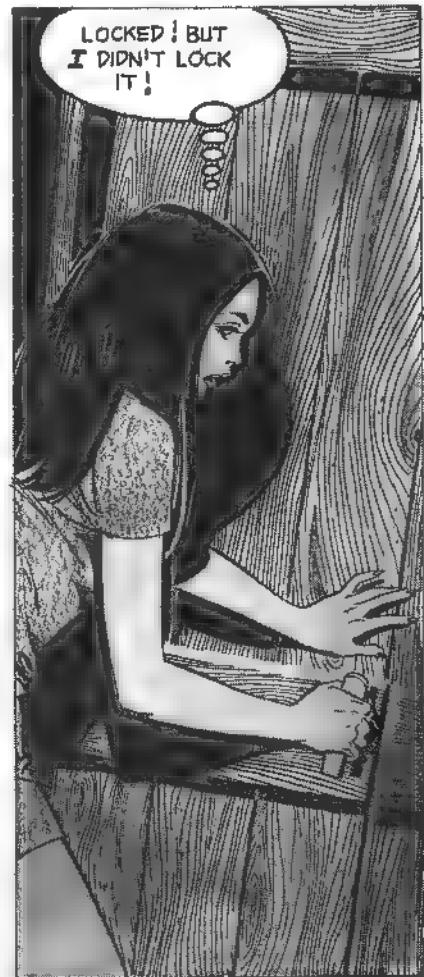
THE WATER WAS SHALLOW HERE, EVEN FOR THE FLATBOAT.



LANORA FELT THE SOFT MUD GIVE WAY BENEATH HER. IT SLIPPED UP AROUND HER LEGS AS SHE SANK, TRAPPED.









LANORA FELT SOMETHING SLIMY WRAP ITSELF AROUND HER ANKLE WHILE THE GROWLING, GURGLING SOUND GREW LOUDER.

SHE COULDN'T SCREAM. A HEAVY STENCH OF STagnANT WATER FILLED HER SENSES AND CAUSED A LUMP TO FORM IN HER THROAT. SHE COULD ALMOST DISTINGUISH WORDS IN THE THROATY GRUMBLINGS THAT CAME CLOSER, CLOSER...

AS THE SLIMY THING GRIPPING HER ANKLE WOUND SLOWLY UP HER THIGH, LANORA FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE CREATURE'S MESSAGE. OVER AND OVER AGAIN ITS DEEP, COLD VOICE REPEATED A SINGLE ELEMENTAL WORD--

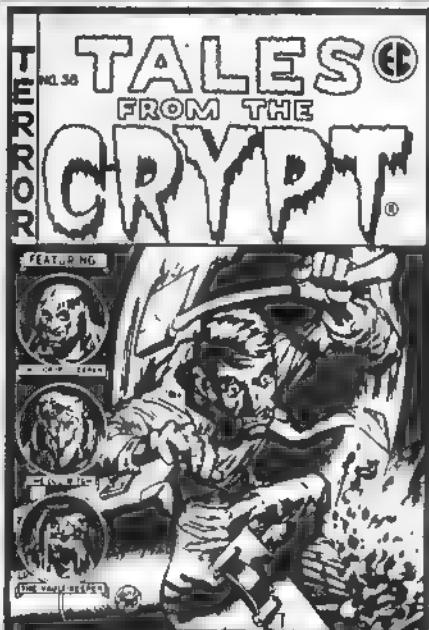


BET THAT DAMPENED HER SPIRITS ALRIGHT ! OLD MAN RIVER MAY NOT BE THE MAN OF HER DREAMS BUT HE SURE WHETS MY APPETITE ! LIFE'S JUST GILL AND TAKE, I GUESS.

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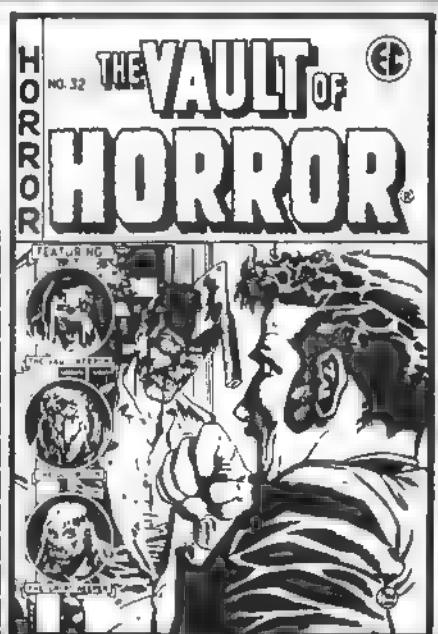
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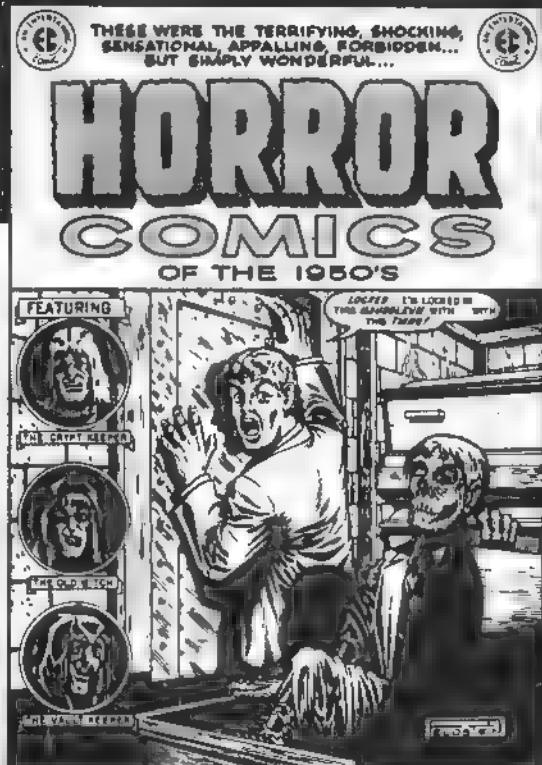
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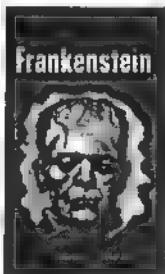
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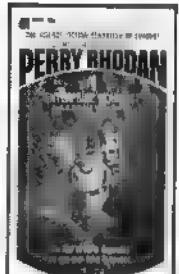
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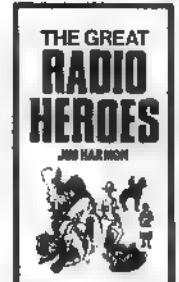
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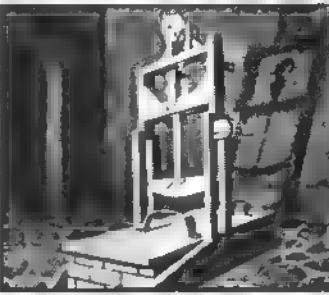
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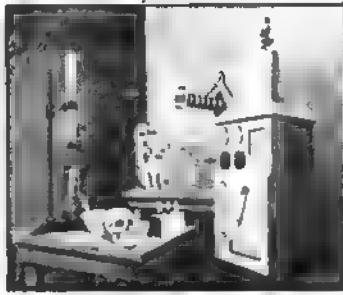
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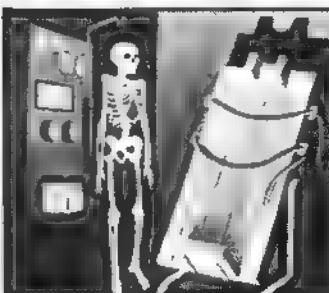
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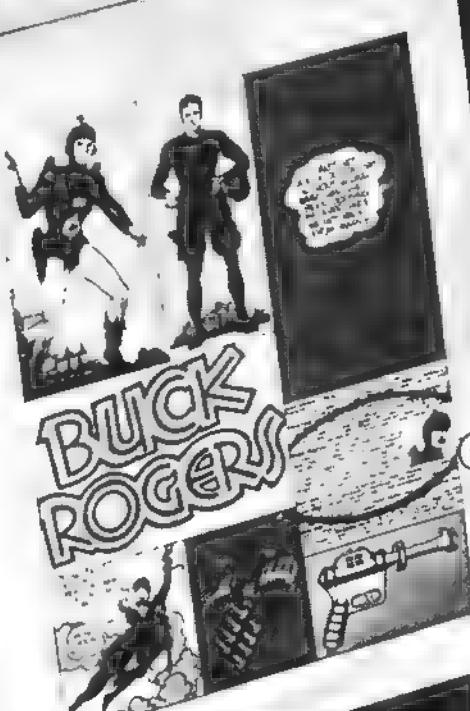
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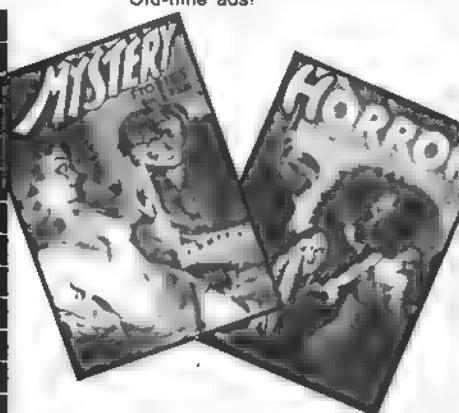
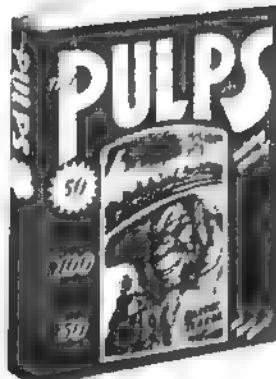
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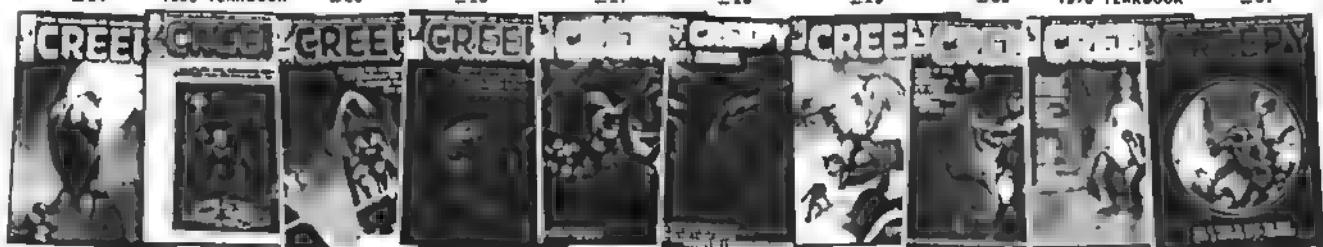
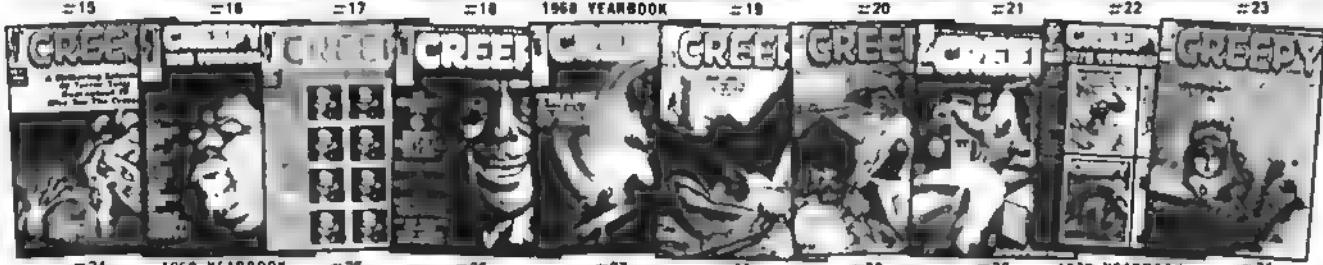
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VAMPI'S VAMPIRES

PROFILE: RAFAEL AURA LEON



Self-portrait of Aura Leon, whose work appears in this issue on the inside front cover, "The Story of Arachne."

Comics artist Rafael Aura Leon, better known as Auraleon, has been working for the Warren line of magazines since his appearance in Eerie #37. He illustrated the macabre epic, "The Ones Who Stole It From You." He also has a 6-page story in the current Eerie, #40, titled "Pity the Grave Digger."

Although he has been drawing professionally since 1959, his ambition is to become an even greater artist. "One can never do enough to

polish the craft," he says.

Although he greatly admires the work of Alex Toth (6-pages of which appear in the Eerie 1972 Annual—ed.), Auraleon says that he has been influenced by a great many artists, both American and European.

A movie fan, the 33-year old artist believes that comic art sometimes suffers from an over-abundance of text and dialogue. "Comic art should primarily be a medium of expression. Excess caption and balloon material tend to hamper that expression rather than help it. Often, text and art are at odds when they shouldn't be."

Asked what is good about comics and could be made even better, he says that honesty and sincerity between artist, writer and editor produce top comic work. Without that cohesiveness, the work fails, no matter how good the writing or how great the artwork.

Future stories to be illustrated by Auraleon will include a 9-page epic titled "Won't Get Fooled Again" by Douglas Moench, author of "Death in The Shadows" on p. 34.



A sampling of the work of artist Auraleon from "The Ones Who Stole It From You," the murder epic from Eerie #37.

REFLECTIONS OF THE DEAD By Robert R. Arbuthnot

The tree, a black stalk, a bit of stubble unshaven from the demonic flesh of earth. An extension of awe with gnarled limbs like beckoning fingers; beseeching souls to leech its

knowledge through the blood of harvest. The grass, a rich man's carpet, the demise of most. I despaired while living, and flowers went unseen. And now I have a tickling root at the bottom of my soul, and pray that the tree will lift me to the sun I never knew.

Fan Phyllis R. Seamon of Greensboro, N.C. contributes this little tale of woe titled . . .

THE LAST ROOM

By Mark Collins
Orange, New Jersey

Jan shuddered, not that he was cold; it was just the sound of another blood-curdling scream from the hallway. Here was Janis-094007. One small, minute particle in the vastness of penal colony Omega, Folsom Solar System.

"094007, report to Room A!"

Jan almost jumped out of his skin. What happened? He caught hold of himself, hoping that he could work this new eventuality into his long-range plans to alter the system. He walked through Punishment Hall. On Omega, if you committed a crime, part of you was eliminated, such as an arm or leg. Even the brain in some cases. The limb was then put on display for all to see, somehow through scientific means, kept alive. One limb had been kept alive for twenty-five years of unfeeling Hell. Jan broke into a cold sweat as he entered the room of horrors. A plump man wheeled himself around to face Jan from his swivel chair. He looked harsh a moment and then his gaze softened.

"Let me see," he said. "Ah . . . 094007. As you know, there have been some skirmishes between my soldiers and some of the more testy inmates like yourself. All this bloodshed could be ended easily. How? By working for me, 094007." Jan stared at this man before him on his swivel chair, number one, the chief of the section. He moved fast, slamming his fist against number one's forehead.

Minutes later, after he left number one strapped to an operating table, one limb in an environmental jar, Jan walked off, a free man.



Inkwash drawing of VAMPI was done by Nashville, Michigan reader DAVE CARRIGAN.

REVENGE OF THE DEAD

By Jim Martinec

They are upon her. It is fair to these half barbaric people even though Amanda screams in, agonizing torment that it isn't. She has been picked in the lottery and now must meet death, the people's future existence depends on it. If no one is killed, the harvest will fail.

Amanda turns and tries to escape, but it is in vain. Hands that feel like steel talons grasp at her flesh and throw her to the cobblestone. She flails her arms and legs to no avail.

She pulls herself from the road and again attempts to escape the menacing crowd. A rock hits her head. Once more her body meets the dark ground as scores more descend upon her frail form.

Her shrill screams knife through the air. Amanda pleads with her assailants to halt, but the shower of rocks continue to pelt her, tearing through flesh and breaking bone.

As she lays in an accumulating pool of blood, her cries mingle with sparse words. "It isn't fair! There will be—justice, I will get revenge!"

Amanda dies as her last mortal words dissipate and one by one, the people are compelled to depart from the murderous scene. They do not leave because of Amanda's oath, they did not pay any attention to it. If they had, they do not comprehend what she said. It was her voice, so cold and utterly distorted, it was almost inhuman.

The street is deserted except

for the body and two men who are to dispose of it.

A cast-aside coffin is brought along side and the mutilated corpse placed inside. The coffin is then taken to the town cemetery and buried in a reserved plot for such victims of this devastating occurrence. But the lottery is not over.

Soon after dark, there is a disturbance in the graveyard. The sound of splintering wood comes from inside the earth and echos through the surrounding area as the ground in which the lottery victims are buried erupts! Decaying forms rise up out of the soil, stumbling forward to complete a task that should have been carried out years before. No, the lottery is not over. The victims await! ■

THE SECOND AGE

By Bob Siegel
San Jose, Ca.

A bolt of lightning hit the one engine plane. Janet Robbins, the pilot and only occupant, held firm to the controls. The suddenness of the storm had surprised her. The controls started working by themselves and in panic, she donned a parachute. Minutes later, she was on the ground, a short distance from the scattered wreckage of the plane. The surroundings looked ancient as if she had entered a time warp. Then she found a time capsule and started screaming. She had entered earth's second stone age. ■



Ink sketch of VAMPIRELLA in profile and full view was done by Sergeant THOMAS J. GOLASH, presently stationed overseas.

QUAVERING SHADOWS

(Continued from page 5)

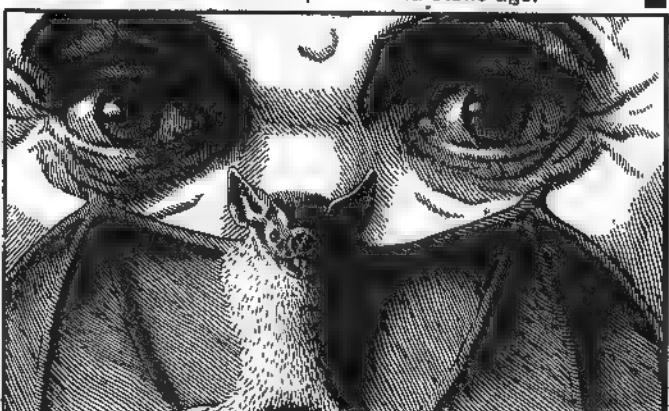
They are syntheses of two disparate elements: Words. And pictures. Combine these words and pictures and you've got a comic strip at least and an effective synergism at best.

My story would have lacked a depth of perception had it been presented in words alone. Similarly, Jose Bea's artwork (when considered from a story-telling aspect) would have been incomplete without my words. But together, I'd like to delude myself into thinking we've created something superior to that which each of us have had to offer separately.

Advance reports on QUAVERING SHADOWS (from my circle of friends and acquaintances) have ranged from praise to condescension. It's been called "beautiful... very effective." And it's been ridiculed, viz: "Too long, captions unbelievably pretentious... as if written by a madman or an author of a the-

saurus . . ." Defense, at this point, is my prerogative. The verbosity of the captions and the narrative eloquence were conscious endeavors on my part to imbue the story with an "olde timey" feel—the kind you get from Ambrose Bierce or H. P. Lovecraft. You know, the creepy-crawly, beasties-bumping-in-the-night type of thing. The author of the tale was a dignified, articulate English country gentlemen, a product of times when the printed word only hinted at television's wasteland in the absurd science fiction of Wells and Verne.

Now, if only television would take advantage of its accessibility to synergism—after all, it is a medium sharing the attributes of comic strips, words and visuals. And it has the benefit of moving pictures to boot. But I'll stick with my comic strips any time . . .



Nightmarish view of a pair of eyes confronting a bat was drawn by fan BRANT WITHERS, whose fan art appeared in Eerie #38

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ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI / STORY BY STEVE SKEATES

YOU'VE HEARD OF RING AROUND THE COLLAR AND HERE'S A STORY WITH A FAMILIAR RING.....

THE WEDDING RING



9:30 PM. ROGER STEPPED OFF THE BUS...



SUITCASE IN HAND...

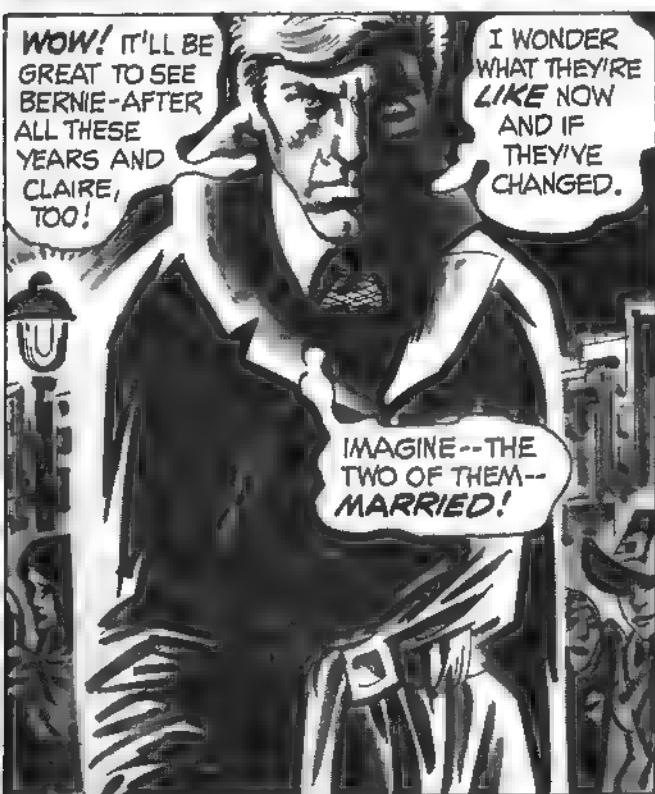
STRANGE! I THOUGHT BERNIE WOULD MEET ME AT THE STATION!... OH, WELL, HE GOT HELD UP!



HE WALKED FROM THE BUS STATION, PAST THE SMALL SHOPS AND THEATRES, THROUGH THE MILLING CROWD OF LATE SHOPPERS AND LATE THEATRE GOERS.

ANYWAY, THE WALK WILL DO ME GOOD! HELP CLEAR OUT THE OLD COBWEBS!

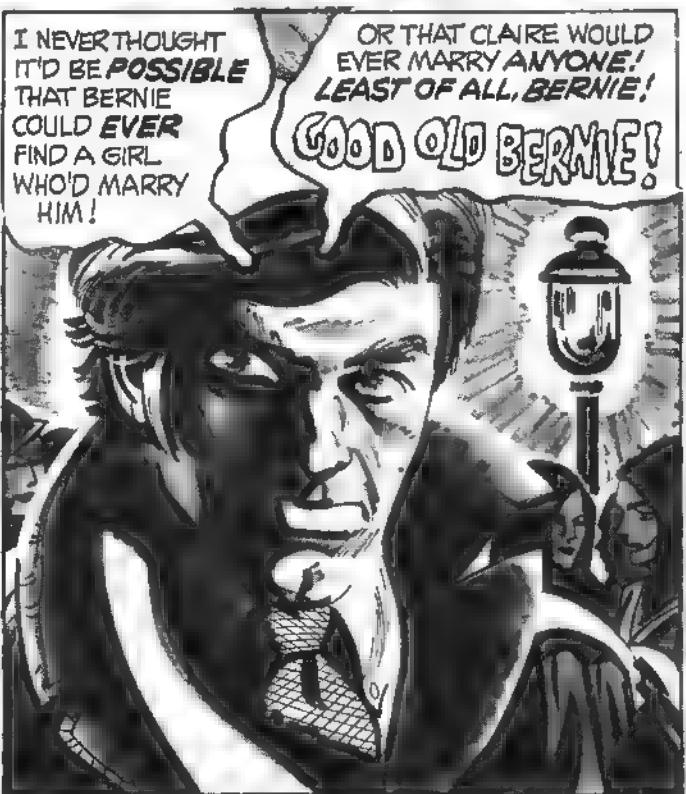
ANYWAY, BERNIE'S HOUSE ISN'T THAT FAR OFF!



WOW! IT'LL BE GREAT TO SEE BERNIE--AFTER ALL THESE YEARS AND CLAIRE, TOO!

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE LIKE NOW AND IF THEY'VE CHANGED.

IMAGINE--THE TWO OF THEM--MARRIED!



I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D BE POSSIBLE THAT BERNIE COULD EVER FIND A GIRL WHO'D MARRY HIM!

OR THAT CLAIRE WOULD EVER MARRY ANYONE! LEAST OF ALL, BERNIE!

GOOD OLD BERNIE!

TO THINK THAT I WENT WITH CLAIRE FOR OVER TWO YEARS!

SHE WAS ALWAYS SO COLD--SO DISTANT! AFTER TWO SOLID YEARS, I STILL HAD A HARD TIME GETTING HER TO KISS ME GOODNIGHT! LET ALONE ANYTHING ELSE!

WELL, SHE MUST HAVE FINALLY BROKEN DOWN!

HIS THOUGHTS DRIFTED BACK TO COLLEGE DAYS. HIS INFATUATION WITH CLAIRE THOMPSON....

I DON'T GET IT! I'M CONSIDERED A REAL LOVER! I'VE HAD NEARLY EVERY GIRL ON CAMPUS! THEY ALL LUST AFTER ME, THEY CAN'T HELP IT!

YET, I CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANYWHERE WITH THE ONE GIRL I REALLY WANT!

HIS ROOMMATE, BERNIE CHAMBERS, A REAL LOSER. DISGUSTING HABITS. COULD NEVER GET A DATE. USED TO SIT AROUND ALL DAY BROODING OVER GRADES...

AFTER GRADUATION, THE THREE OF THEM WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. ROGER NEVER HEARD FROM EITHER OF THEM AGAIN....

...UNTIL JUST A MONTH AGO. HE WAS TRULY SHOCKED WHEN HE RECEIVED THE WEDDING INVITATION.

WELL, THIS IS THE STREET!

NOW TO FIND NUMBER 36! MUST BE DOWN THIS WAY SOMEWHERE! PEOPLE ALWAYS HIDE THE NUMBERS ON THE DOOR!

UNFORTUNATELY, AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS TRIP KEPT HIM FROM ATTENDING THE CEREMONY....NOW HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO THEIR HOME....



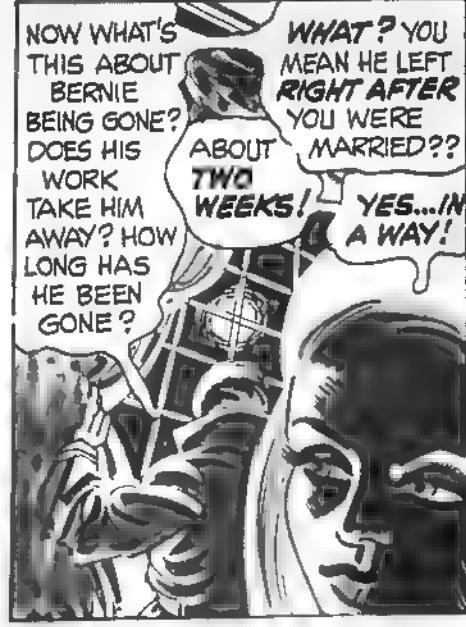
SHE GREW STRANGELY SILENT AS THEY ENTERED THE HOUSE. ROGER SAW THE LIQUOR CABINET AND WALKED TOWARD IT. THEN....



THIS IS A NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE! BERNIE MUST BE DOING PRETTY WELL FOR HIMSELF...



NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BERNIE BEING GONE? DOES HIS WORK TAKE HIM AWAY? HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN GONE?



BUT NOW, IT'S ALL CHANGED! THEY FOUND OUT THAT I INVITED YOU HERE! AND...



OKAY, OKAY! SAY NO MORE! I'LL LEAVE AS SOON AS I FINISH MY DRINK!

THEN, AS THEY STOOD THERE....THE TWO OF THEM, ALONE.... THAT OLD FEELING RETURNED...

THIS IS MY CHANCE! NOW THAT SHE'S BECOME A WOMAN!... SHE STILL DESIRES ME. I KNOW IT!



HE SAW A DARKENED ROOM AND PUSHED HER TOWARD IT!





CLAIRE WAS AMONG THE WOMEN AND SHE WAS CRYING!



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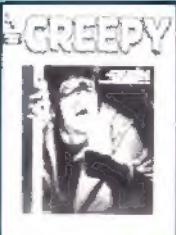
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DRACULA STILL LIVES

The return of the Transylvanian Count as he tests the very heart and soul of Vampirella.

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Super August issue! Art by
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Maroto! Stories by Doug
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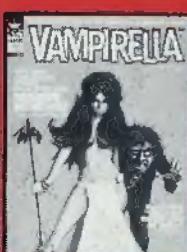
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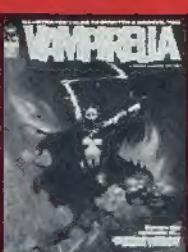
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